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THE GIFT OF

Mrs. William Dinsmore Briggs

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

STANFORD UNIVERSITY

[REDACTED]

**Materialien zur Kunde
des
älteren Englischen Dramas**

Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas

UNTER MITWIRKUNG DER HERREN

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LOUVAIN

A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG

O. HARRASSOWITZ

LONDON

DAVID NUTT

1907

BEN JONSON'S
H
EVERY MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOR

REPRINTED

FROM LINGE'S QUARTO OF 1600

BY

W. Bang AND W. W. Greg



	LOUVAIN	
	A. UYSTPRUYST	
LEIPZIG		LONDON
O. HARRASSOWITZ		DAVID NUTT
	1907	
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PREFATORY NOTE

The play of *Every Man out of his Humour* appears twice in the volumes of the Stationers' Register, as follows :

8 Aprilis [1600] William holme Entred for his copie vnder the handes of master harsnet. and master wyndet warden. A Comickall Satyre of euery man out of his humour vjd

[Arber, III. 159.]

28^o. Aprilis 1638.... Master Bishop Assigned ouer vnto him by vertue of a note vnder the hand and seale of master Smethw[i]cke and subscribed by Master Bourne warden all the Right and interest in a play called Euery man out of his humour by Ben : Johnson . . . vjd

[Arber, IV. 417.]

An edition in quarto was published in 1600 by William Holme. The printer, as shown by the device on the title page, was Peter Short. Another edition in quarto, bearing the same date, was printed, by whom is uncertain, for Nicholas Linge, who continued in business till 1607. Linge's edition is a careless and ignorant reprint of Holme's and possesses no independent authority. Of Holme's edition copies are extant in the Bodleian and Dyce libraries; of Linge's in the same and in the British Museum as well (C. 57. c. 22).

Both early editions are now reprinted in the *Materialien*. The text of Holme's quarto has been set up from a transcript of the Bodleian copy, and the proofs have been read with that in the Dyce library. No variations have been discovered. The reprint of Linge's quarto follows the British Museum copy; reference has been had to the Dyce copy, also without revealing any variations. As usual the reprints aim at following their respective originals as faithfully as possible. All misprints have been retained, including turned letters and wrong founts. The spacing has of necessity been normalised, but the division of words has in all cases been preserved.

The lines have been numbered throughout, and correspondence with the text of the 1616 folio (*Materialien*, VII) noted in the right hand margin.

The following peculiarities deserve mention. In Holme's quarto sheets I-Q are printed in a different type from that used for the beginning of the book. This is most clearly seen in the case of the italic fount, but the roman differs also. In Linge's quarto sheet N is wrongly imposed, pages 102 and 103 having changed places.

On pages 110 and 111 of both quartos a mistake has unfortunately occurred in the numbering of the lines. Line 3881 should be marked 3880^{bis} and the number 3885 should go one line higher.

The comicall Satyre of
EVERY MAN
OV T O F H I S
H V M O R.

As it was first composed by the Author B. I.

*Containing more then hath been publikely
spoken or acted.*

With the feuerall Character of euery person.

*Non aliena meo pressi pede | * si propius stes
Te capient magis | * & decies repetita placebunt.*



LONDON,
Printed for Nicholas Linge.
1600.

The names of the actors.

ASPER, The Presenter.

MACILENTE. SAVIOLINA. SORDIDO. His Hind.

<i>Puntaruolo,</i>	{	His Ladie.	}	<i>Fungoso,</i>	{	Taylor.
		Waiting Gent				Haberdasher.
		Huntsman.				Shomaker.
		Seruingmen. 2.				
		Dog and Cat.				

Carlo Buffone. Sogliardo.

<i>Fastid. Briske.</i>	{	<i>Cinedo his Page.</i>	{	<i>Shift.</i>	{	<i>Rastici.</i>
						A Groome.
<i>Deliro.</i>	{	<i>Fido their Seruant.</i>	{	<i>Cloue.</i>	{	Drawers.
						Constable and
<i>Fallace.</i>	{	<i>Musitians.</i>	{	<i>Orenge.</i>	{	Officers.

GREX.

CORDATVS. MITIS.

ASPER *his Character.*

Folio

HE is of an ingenious and free spirite, eager, and constant in reproofe,
without feare controulling the worldes abuses; One whom no seruile
hope of gaine, or frostie apprehension of danger, can make to be a *Para-*
5 *site*, either to *Time*, *Place*, or *Opinion*. 39

MACILENTE.

A Man well parted, a sufficient Scholler, and trauail'd; who (wanting that
place in the worldes account, which he thinkes his merit capable of) fals
into such an enuious *Apoplexie*, with which his iudgement is so dazeled
10 and distasted, that he growes violently impatient of any opposite happinesse in
another.

PVNTARVOLO.

A Vaine-glorious Knight, ouer-Englissing his trauels, and wholly conse- 50
crated to *Singularitie*; the very *Iocobs* staffe of Complement: a Sir that
15 hath liu'd to see the *reuolution* of *Time* in most of his apparrell. Of presence
good ynough, but so palpably affected to his owne prayse, that for want of flat-
terers, he commendes himselfe to the *floutage* of his owne familie. He deales
vpon returnes, & strange performances, resolving, in despite of publike de-
cision, to sticke to his owne particular *fashion*, *phrase*, and *gesture*.

deest }
20 }
21

CARLO BVFFONE.

A Publike-scurrulous, and prophane Iester, that (more swift than *Circe* with 59
obsurd *Simele's* will transforme any person into Deformitie. A good Feast-
hound or Banket-beagell, that will sent you out a Supper fome three mile
25 off, and sweare to his Patrons (*God dam me*) he came in Oares, when he was
but wafted ouer in a Sculler. A slaue that hath an extraordinarie gift in plea-
sing his Pallat, and will swill vp more Sacke at a sitting, than would make all
the *Guard* a *Posset*. His Religion is *Rayling*, and his Discourse *Ribaldrie*. They
stand highest in his respect, whom he studies most to reproch.

deest }
30 }
31

PASTIDIVS BRISKE.

A Neate spruce affecting Courtier, one that weares clothes well, and in *Fa-* 69
shion; practiseth by his glasse how to salute: speakes good Remnants (not-
withstanding the *Base-violl*, and *Tabacco*;) sweares tersely, and with va-
35 rietie, cares not what Ladyes fauour he belies, or great mans familiaritie: a
good propertie to perfume the boote of a Coach. He will borrow an other

A ii. mans

mans to prayse, and backes him as his owne. Or for a need on foote can post himselfe into credite with his Merchant, onely with the gingle of his Spurre, and the ierke of his Wand.

40

DELIRO.

A Good doting Citizen, who (it is thought) might be of the common Counsell for his wealth: a fellow sincerely besotted on his owne wife, and so rapt with a conceit of her perfections, that he simply holdes himselfe vnworthy of her: And in that hood-winkt humor, liues more like a suter than a husband; standing in as true dread of her displeasure, as when he first made loue to her. He doth sacrifice two pence in *Iuniper* to her euery morning before she rises, and makes her with *villanous-out-of-tune musicke*, which she out of her contempt (though not out of her iudgement) is sure to dislike. 79

doest {
49 {
50

FALLACE.

D *Eliro's* Wife and Idoll, a proud mincing Peat, and as peruerse as he is officious, shee dotes as perfectly vpon the Courtier, as her husband doth on her, and onely wants the *Face* to be dishonest. 89

SAVIOLINA.

55 A Court Lady, whose weightiest prayse is a light wit, admir'de by her selfe and one more, her seruant *Briske*.

SORDIDO.

A Wretched Hobnail'd Chuffe, whose recreation is reading of *Almanackes*; and felicitie, foule weather: One that neuer pray'd, but for a *lean* Dearth; 60 and euer wept in a *fat Haruest*.

FVNGOSO.

THE Sonne of *Sordido*, and a Student: one that has reuel'd in his time, and followes the Fashion a farre off like a *Spie*. He makes it the whole bent of his endeouours to wring sufficient meanes from his wretched Fathet, to put him 65 in the Courtiers *Cut*: at which he earnestly aymes; but so vnluckily, that he still lights short a *Sute*.

SOGLIARDO.

A N essentiall Clowne, brother to *Sordido*, yet so enamour'd of the name of a Gentleman, that he will haue it though he buyes it. He comes vp euery 70 Tearme to learne to take *Tabacco*, and see new *Motions*. He is in his Kingdome when he can get himselfe into company, where he may be well laught at. 106

doest {
72 {

SHIFT.

75 A Thredbare *Sharke*. One that neuer was Souldior, yet liues vpon *lendinges*. 112 His profession is *skeldring* and *odling*, his Banke *Poules*, and his Ware-house *Pict-hatch*. Takes vp single *Testons* vpon Othes till doomes day. Fals vnder

vnder Executions of thrce shillinges, and enters into fve groat Bonds. He way laies the reports of *seruices*, and cons them without booke, damning himselfe he came new from them, when all the while he was taking the diet in a Bawdy
 80 house, or lay paw'd in his chamber for rent and victuals. He is of that admirable and happy Memory, that he will salute one for an olde acquaintance, that he neuer saw in his life before. He vsurpes vpon Cheates, Quarrels, and Robberies, which he neuer did, only to get him a name. His chiefe exercises are taking the *VVhiffs*, squiring a *Cocatrice*, and making priuy searches for *Im-*
 85 *parters*.

CLOVE and ORENGE.

A N inseperable case of Coxcoms, city-borne: The *Gemini* or Twins of 126
 foppery; that like a paire of wooden Foyles, are fit for nothing, but to be practis'd vpon. Being well flatter'd, they'le lend money, and repent when
 90 they ha'done. Their glory is to feast Players, and make Suppers. And in company of better ranke (to auoyd the suspect of insufficiency) will enforce their Ignorance most desperatly, to set vpon the vnderstanding of any thing. *ORENGE* is the more humerous of the two (whose small portion of iuice (being squeez'dout:) *CLOVE* serues to sticke him with commendations.

95

CORDATVS.

T He *Authors* friend; A man inly acquainted with the scope and drift of 136
 his *Plot*. Of a discreet and vnderstanding Iudgement, and has the place of a *Moderator*.

MITIS.

100 I S a person of no *Action*, and therefore we haue REASON to afforde him no 140
Character.



I T was not neare his thought that hath published this, either to traduce 126
 the *Authour*; or to make vulgar and cheape, any the peculiar and sufficient deserts of the *Actors*: but rather (whereas many *Censures*
 105 flutter'd about it) to giue all leaue, and leisure, to iudge with distinction.

deest
 106 }

A iii.

Euery

EVERIE MAN OVT OF HIS HVMOR.

107

Inductio, sono secondo.

G R E X.

*Asper, Cordatus, Mitis.*110 *Cord.*

N Ay my deare *Asper*,
Mit. Stay your minde,
Asp. Away.

147

Who is so patient of this impious world,
 That he can checke his spirit, or reigne his tongue?

115 Or who hath such a dead vnfeceling sence,
 That heanens horride thunders cannot wake?
 To see the earth, crackt with the weight of sinne,
 Hell gaping vnder vs, and o're our heades
 Blacke rau'nous Ruine with her saile-stretcht wings,

120 Readie to sinke vs downe and couer vs.

Who can behold such prodigies as these,
 And haue his lips seal'd vp? not I: my soule
 Was neuer ground into such oylie colours,
 To flatter Vice, and daube Iniquitie:

160

125 But (with an armed, and resolued hand)
 Ile strip the ragged follies of the time
 Naked as at their birth.

Cord. Be not too bold.

Asp. You trouble me, and with a whip of steele

167

130 Print wounding lashes in their yron ribs.
 I feare no mood stamp't in a priuate brow,
 When I am pleas'd t'vnmaske a publike vice,

- I feare no strumpets drugs, nor ruffians stab,
Should I detect their hatefull luxuries;
- 135 No brokers, vsurers, or lawyers gripe,
Were I dispos'd to say, they're all corrupt.
I feare no courtiers frowne, should I applaud 175
The easie flexure of his supple hammes:
Tut, these are so innate and popular,
- 140 That drunken *Custom*e would not shame to laugh
(In scorne) at him, that should but dare to taxe'hem:
And yet not one of these but knowes his Workes,
Knowes what *Damnation* is, the *Deuill*, and *Hell*,
Yet howerly they persist, grow ranke in sinne,
- 145 Puffing their soules away in peri'rous aire,
To cherish their extortion, pride, or lustes.
Mit. Forbeare good *Asper*, be not like your name. 185
Asp. O, but to such, whose faces are all zeale,
And (with the wordes of *Hercules*) inuade
- 150 Such crimes as these; that will not smell of sinne,
But seeme as they were made of sanctitie;
Religion in their garments, and their haire
Cut shorter than their eie-browes, when the conscience
Is vaster than the Ocean, and deuours
- 155 More wretches than the *Counters*.
Mit. Gentle *Asper*,
Containe your spirit in more stricter boundes,
And be not thus transported with the violence 195
Of your strong thoughts.
- 160 *Cord.* Vnlesse your breath had power
To melt the world, and mould it new againe,
It is in vaine to spend it in these moods.
Asp. I not obseru'd this thronged round till now:
Gracious, and kind Spectators, you are welcome,
- 165 *Apollo*, and the *Muses* feast your eyes
With gracefull obiectes; and may our *Menerua*
Answer your hopes, vnto their largest straine.
Yet here, mistake me not iudicious friendes:
I doe not this to beg your patience,

Or

- 170 Or seruilely to fawne on your applause, 207
 Like some drie braine, despairing in his merit:
 Let me be censur'd, by th'austerest brow,
 Where I want art, or iudgement, taxe me freely:
 Let enuious *Critickes* with their broadest eies
- 175 Looke through and through me; I pursue no fauor:
 Onely vouchsafe me your attentions,
 And I will giue you musicke worth your eares.
 O how I hate the monstrosnesse of time,
 Where euery seruile imitating spirit,
- 180 (Plagu'd with an itching leprosie of wit)
 In a meere halting fury, striues to fling
 His vlc'rous body in the Thespian spring,
 And streight leap's foorth a Poet; but as lame
 As *Vulcane*, or the founder of Criplegate.
- 185 *Mit.* In faith this Humor will come ill to some, 222
 You will be thought to be too peremptorie.
Asp. This Humor? good; and why this Humor, *Mitis*?
 Nay doe not turne, but answere.
Mit. Answere? what?
- 190 *Asp.* I will not stirre your patience, pardon me,
 I vrg'd it for some reasons, and the rather
 To giue these ignorant wel-spoken daies
 Some taste of their abuse of this word *Humor*.
Cor. O doe not let your purpose fall, good *Asper*,
- 195 It cannot but ariue most acceptable,
 Chiefely to such as haue the happinesse
 Dayly to see how the poore innocent word
 Is rackt, and tortur'd.
Mit. I, I pray you proceed.
- 200 *Asp.* Ha? what? what is't? 236
Cord. For the abuse of Humor.
Asp. O, I craue pardon, I had lost my thoughts.
 Why *Humor* (as 'tis *ens*) we thus define it
 To be a qualitie of aire or water,
- 205 And in it selfe holdes these two properties,
 Moisture and Fluxure : As for demonstration,

- Poure water on this floore, 'twill wet and runne, 243
 Likewise the aire (forc't through a horne or trumpet)
 Flowes instantly away, and leaues behind
 210 A kinde of due; and hence we doe conclude
 That what soe're hath fluxure and humiditie,
 As wanting power to containe it selfe,
 Is *Humor*: so in euery humane bodie
 The choller, melancholy, flegme, and bloud,
 215 By reason that they flow continually
 In some one part, and are not continent,
 Receiue the name of Humors. Now thus farre
 It may by Metaphore apply it selfe
 Vnto the generall disposition, 255
 220 As when some one peculiar quality
 Doth so possesse a man, that it doth draw
 All his affects, his spirits, and his powers
 In their confluions all to runne one way,
 This may be truely sayd to be a Humor,
 225 But that a Rooke in wearing a pide feather,
 The cable hatband, or the three-pild ruffe,
 A yard of shooe-tie, or the Switzers knot
 On his French garters, should affect a Humor,
 O, 'tis more than most rediculous.
 230 *Cord.* He speakes pure trueth: Now if an Ideot
 Haue but an Apish or Phantasticke straine,
 It is his Humor.
Asp. Well, I will scourge those Apes,
 And to these courteous eies oppose a mirror,
 235 As large as is the Stage whereon we act, 270
 Where they shall see the times deformity,
 Anotamiz'd in euery Nerue and sinew,
 With constant courage, and contempt of feare.
Mit. Asper (I vrge it as your friend) take heed,
 240 The dayes are dangerous, full of exception,
 And men are growne impatient of reproofe.
Asp. Ha, ha:
 You might as well haue told me, yond' is heauen,

B

This

- This earth, these men; and all had mou'd alike. 278
- 245 Doe not I know the times condition?
 Yes *Mitis*, and their soules, and who they be
 That either will or can except against me:
 None but a sort of fooles, so sicke in tast,
 That they contemne all Physicke of the mind,
- 250 And like gald Camels kicke at euery touch,
 Good men, and vertuous spirits, that loath their vices,
 Will cherish my free labours, loue my lines,
 And with the feruor of their shining grace,
 Make my braine fruitfull to bring foorth more obiects
- 255 Worthy their serious and intentiue eies.
 But why enforce I this, as fainting? no:
 If any here chaunce to behold himselfe,
 Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong,
 For if he shame to haue his follies knowne,
- 260 First he should shame to act'hem: my strict hand
 Was made to ceaze on vice; and with a gripe 295
 Crush out the Humor of such spongie soules,
 As licke vp euery idle vanity.
- Cord.* Why this is right *Furor Poeticus*:
- 265 Kind Gentlemen, we hope your patience
 Will yet conceiue the best, or entertaine
 This supposition, That a madman speakes.
- Asp.* What? are you ready there? *Mitis* sit downe;
 And my *Cordatus*. Sound hoe, and begin:
- 270 I leaue you two as Censors to sit here,
 Obserue what I present, and liberally
 Speake your opinions, vpon euery Scene, 306
 As it shall passe the view of these Spectators,
 Nay now, y'are tedious Sirs, for shame begin:
- 275 And *Mitis* note me if in all this front,
 You can espie a gallant of this marke,
 Who (to be thought one of the iudicious)
 Sits with his armes thus wreath'd, his hat pul'd here,
 Cries meaw, and nods, then shakes his empty head,
- 280 Will shew more seuerall motions in his face

Than

Than the new London, Rome, or Nineueh, 315
 And (now and then) breakes a drie bisket iest,
 Which that it may more easily be chew'd,
 He sleeps in his owne laughter.

285 *Cord.* Why? will that
 Make it be sooner swallow'd?

Asp. O, assure you:
 Or if it did not, yet as *Horace* singes:

" *Ieiunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit,*

290 " Meane cates are welcome still to hungrie guests.

Cord. 'Tis true, but why should we obserue 'hem *Asper*?

Asp. O I would know 'hem, for in such assemblies, 324

Th'are more infectious than the Pestilence,
 And therefore I would giue them Pils to purge,

295 And make 'hem fit for faire societies.

How monstrous and detested is't to see

A fellow that has neither art nor braine,

Sit like an *Aristarchus*, or starke asse,

Taking mens lines with a Tobacco face

300 In snuffe, still spitting, vsing his wried lookes

• (In nature of a vice) to wrest and turne

The good aspect of those that shall sit neare him,

From what they doe behold? O tis most vile.

Mit. Nay *Asper*.

305 *Asp.* Peace *Mitis*, I doe know your thought: 337

You'le say, your audience will except at this?

Pish, you are too timorous, and full of doubt:

Then, he a patient, shall reiect all Physicke

'Cause the Physitian tels him you are sicke:

310 Or, if I say that he is vicious,

You will not heare of vertue: come, y'are fond, *

Shall I be so extrauagant to thinke

That happy iudgements and composed spirits

Will challenge me for taxing such as these?

315 I am asham'd.

Cord. Nay, but good pardon vs.

We must not beare this peremptorie saile,

But vse our best endeouours how to please.

Asp. Why, therein I commend your carefull thoughts

350

320 And I will mixe with you in industrie

To please; but whom? attentiuē auditors,

Such as will ioynē their profite with their pleasure,

And come to feede their vnderstanding parts:

For these, Ile prodigally spend my selfe,

325 And speake away my spirit into ayre;

For these, Ile melt my braine into inuention,

Coinē new conceites, and hang my richest words

As polisht iewels in their bounteous eares.

But stay, I loose my selfe, and wrong their patience;

330 If I dwell here, they'le not begin, I see:

Friends sit you still, and entertaine this troupe

With some familiar and by-conference,

Ile hast them sound: now Gentlemen I go

To turne an Actor, and a Humorist,

335 Where (ere I do resume my present person)

We hope to make the circles of your eyes

Flow with distilled laughter: if we fayle,

We must impute it to this onely chance

"*Art* hath an enemie cal'd *Ignorance*."

340

Exit.

Cord. How do you like his spirit, *Mitis*?

371

Mit. I should like it much better, if he were lesse confident.

Cord. Why, do you suspect his merit?

Mit. No, but I feare this will procure him much enuie.

345 *Cordatus.* O, that sets the stronger seale on his desert, if he had
no enemies. I should esteeme his fortunes most wretched at this in-
stant.

Mit. You haue seene his play *Cordatus*? pray you: how is't?

Cord. Faith sir, I must refraine to iudge, onely this I can say of it,
350 'tis strange, and of a perticular kind by it selfe, somewhat like *Verus*
Comedius: a worke that hath bounteously pleased me, how it will an-
swere the generall expectation, I know not.

Mit. Does he observe all the lawes of Comedie in it?

Cord. What lawes meane you?

Mit. Why

355 *Mit.* Why the equall deuision of it into Acts and Scenes, according to the Terentian manner, his true number of Actors; the furnishing of the Scene with *Grege* or *Chorus*, and that the whole Argument fall within compasse of a dayes efficiencie. 384

Cord. O no, these are too nice obseruations.

360 *Mit.* They are such as must be receiued by your fauour, or it cannot be Authentique.

Cord. Troth I can discerne no such necessitie.

Mit. No?

Cord. No, I assure you signior; if those lawes you speake of, had 393
365 been deliuered vs, *ab Initio*; and in their present vertue and perfection, there had been some reason of obeying their powers: but 'tis extant, that that which we call *Comædia*, was at first nothing but a simple & continued Satyre, sung by one only person, till *Susario* inuented a second, after him *Epicharmus* a third, *Phormus*, and *Chionides* deuised to haue foure Actors, with a *Prologue* and *Chorus*; to 370
which *Cratinus* (long after) added a fift and fixt; *Eupolis* more, *Aristophanes* more then they: euery man in the dignitie of his spirit and iudgement, supplied something: and (though that in him this kind of Poeme appeared absolute, and fully perfected) yet how is the face 375
of it chang'd since; in *Menander*, *Philemon*, *Cecilius*, *Plautus*, and the rest; who haue vtterly excluded the *Chorus*, altered the property of the persons, their names, and natures, and augmented it with all libertie, according to the elegancie and disposition of those times wherein they wrote? I see not then but wee should enioy the same 380
Licentia or free power, to illustrate and heighten our inuention as they did: and not be tyed to those strict and regular formes, which the nicenesse of a fewe (who are nothing but *Forme*) would thrust vpon vs.

Mit. Well, we will not dispute of this now: but what's his 412
385 Scene?

Cor. Mary *Insula fortunata*, Sir.

Mit. O, the fortunate Iland? masse he was bound himselfe to a strict law there.

Cor. Why so?

390 *Mit.* Hee cannot lightly after the Scene without crossing the seas.

Cord. He needs not, hauing a whole Ilande to runne through, I 418
thinke.

Mit. No? how comes it then, that in some one play wee see so
395 many Seas, Countries, and Kingdomes, past ouer with such admirable dexteritie?

Cor. O, that but shewes how well the Authors can trauaile in
their vocation, and out-run the apprehension of their Auditory.
But leauing this, I would they would begin once: this protraction
400 is able to sower the best-settled patience in the Theatre.

Mit. They haue answered your wish Sir: they sounde.

Sound the third time.

ENTER PROLOGVE.

Cor. O here comes the Prologue: Now sirre, if you had stayed 426
405 a little longer, I meant to haue spoke your Prologue for you, I fayth.

Prol. Mary with all my hart sir, you shall do it yet, and I thanke
you.

Cord. Nay, nay, stay, stay, heare you?

410 *Prol.* You could not haue studied to ha'done mee a greater benefite at the instant, for I protest to you, I am vnperfect, and (had I spoke it) I must of necessitie haue been out.

Cord. Why, but do you speake this seriously?

Prol. Seriously! I (God's my helpe do I) and esteeme my selfe in- 437
415 debted to your kindnesse for it.

Cor. For what?

Pro. Why for vndertaking the Prologue for mee.

Cor. How? did I vndertake it for you?

Pro. Did you! I appeale to all these Gentlemen whether you
420 did or no? Come, it pleases you to cast a strange looke on't now; but 'twill not serue.

Cor. Fore God but it must serue, and therefore speake your Prologue.

Pro. And I doe, let me die poyson'd with some venemous hisse,
425 and neuer liue to looke as high as the two-pennie roome, againe.

Mit.

^{deest}
⁴²⁰ } *Mit.* Hee has put you to it, Sir:

Cor. Sdeath, what a humorous fellow is this? Gentlemen, good fayth I can speake no Prologue, howsoever his weake wit has had
430 the fortune to make this strong vse of mee here before you: but I protest;

Enter Carlo Buffone, with a Boy.

Carl. Come, come, leaue these fustian protestations: away, come, 454
I cannot abide these gray-headed ceremonies. Boy, fetch mee a
435 Glasse, quickly, I may bid these Gentlemen welcome; giue him a health here: I mar'le whose wit 'twas to put a Prologue in yon'd Sackbuts mouth: they might well thinke heel'd be out of tune, and yet you'd play vpon him too. *Exit Boy.*

Cor. Hang him dull block.

440 *Carl.* O good wordes, good wordes, a well-timberde fellow, hee woulde ha'made a good columnne and he had been thought on when the house was a building. O art thou *Enter Boy with a glasse.*
come? well sayd: giue me; Boy, fill, so:

here's a cup of wine sparkles like a Diamonde. Gentlewomen (I am
445 sworne to put them in first) and Gentlemen, a round, in place of a bad Prologue, I drinke this good draught to your health here, Canarie, the verie *Elixir* and Spirit of *(He drinks.)*

Wine: this is that our Poet cals Castalian liquor, when he comes a-
broad (now and then) once in a fortnight, and makes a good Meale 467
450 among Players; where he has *Caninum appetitum*: mary at home he keepes a good Philosophical diet, beanes and butter-milke: an honest pure rogue, he will take you off three, foure, fue of these one after another, & looke vilanously when he has done, like a one-headed *Cerberus* (he do'not heare me I hope) and then when his belly is well
455 ballac't, and his braine rigg'd a little, he sayles away withall, as though he would worke wonders when he comes home: hee has made a Play here, and he cals it, *Euery man out of his Humor*. Sblood and he get me out of the humor he has put me in, Ile ne're trust none of his tribe againe while I liue. Gentles all, I can say for him,
460 is, you are welcome. I could wish my bottle here amongst you; but there's an olde rule; *No pledging your owne health*: marie if anye heere bee thirstie for it, their best waye (that I knowe)
is,

is, sit still, seale vp their lips, and drinke so much of the play in at
their eares.

Exit.

465 *Mit.* What may this fellow be, *Cordatus*?

483

Cor. Faith, if the time will suffer his discription, I'll giue it you:
he is one; the Author calls him *Carlo Buffone*, an impudent common
iester, a violent railer, and an incomprehensible Epicure: one, whose
company is desir'd of all men, but belou'd of none: he will sooner
470 loose his soule, than a iest; and prophane euen the most holy things,
to excite laughter: no honourable or reuerende personage what-
soeuer, can come within the reach of his eye, but is turn'd inro all
manner of varietie, by his adult'rate *simele's*.

Mit. You paint foorth a monster.

475 *Cord.* He will prefer all countries before his natiue, and thinks
he can neuer sufficiently, or with admiration enough, deliuer his af-
fectionate conceit of forrein Atheisticall pollicies: but stay, obserue
these, hee'll appeare himselfe anon.

Enter Macilente, solus.

480 *Mit.* O, this is your enuious man (*Macilente*) I thinke.

Cord. The same, sir.

ACTVS PRIMVS. SCENA PRIMA.

Folio
Act. I. Sc.
500

Mac. Viri est, fortunæ cæcitatem facile ferre:

Tis true; but Stoique; where (in the vast worlde)

485 Doth that man breath, that can so much command

His bloud and his affection? well, I see,

I striue in vaine to cure my wounded soule:

For euery cordiall that my thoughts applie

Turns to a cor'siue, and doth eat it farder.

490 There is no taste in this Philosophie,

Tis like a Potion that a man should drinke,

But turnes his Stomacke with the sight of it.

I am no such pild *Cinique*, to beleuee

That beggerie is the onclie happinesse:

495 Or (with a number of these patient fooles)

To sing, *My minde to mee a Kingdome is,*

When the lanke hungry belly barks for foode:

I looke

I looke into the worlde, and there I meete
 With obiectes, that doe strike my blood-shot eies
 500 Into my braine; where, when I view my selfe,
 Hauing before obseru'd, this man is great,
 Mightie, and fear'd, that lou'd and highly fouour'd:
 A third, thought wise and learned: a fourth, rich,
 And therefore honour'd: a fifth, rarely featur'd:
 505 A sixth, admir'd for his nuptiall fortunes.
 When I see these (I say) and view my selfe,
 I wish my *Obtique* instruments were crackt,
 And that the engine of my grieve could cast
 Mine eye-bals like two globes of wild fire foorth,
 510 To melt this vnproportion'd frame of Nature.
 Oh, they are thoughts that haue transfixt my hart,
 And often (i'the strength of apprehension)
 Made my cold passion stand vpon my face,
 Like dropes of sweate on a stiffe cake of yce.

515

G R E X.

Cor. { This alludes well to that of the Poet,
 Inuidus suspirat, gemit, incutitque dentes,
 Sudat frigidus, intuens quod odit.
 Mit. { O peace, you breake the Scene.

534

520

Enter Sogliardo, with Carlo Buffone.

S C E N A S E C.

Mac. Soft, who be these?
 I'le lay me downe a while till they be past.

538

G R E X.

525 *Cor.* { Signior, note this gallant, I pray you.*Mit.* { What is hee?*Cor.* { A tame Rooke, youle take him presently: List.*Folio*

Sog. Nay looke you *Carlo*, this is my Humour now: I haue *Act.I.Sc.2.*
 lande and money, my friendes left me well, and I will be a Gen-
 530 tleman whatsoeuer it cost me.

C.

Car.

[LINGE'S QUARTO]

Car. A most Gentleman-like resolution.

Sog. Tut, and I take an humor of a thing once, I am like your 550
taylors needle, I go through: but, for my name Signior, how
thinke you? will it not serue for a Gentlemans name, when the
535 Signior is put to it? Ha?

Car. Let me heare, how is't?

Sog. *Signior Insulso Sogliardo*, me thinkes it soundes well.

Car. O excellent: tut and all fitted to your name, you might
very well stand for a Gentleman: I know many *Sogliardoes* Gen-
540 tlemen.

Sog. Why, and for my wealth I might be a Iustice of peace.

Car. I, and a Constable for your wit.

Sog. All this is my Lordship you see heere, and those Farmes
you came by.

545 *Car.* Good steps to gentilitie too, marie: but *Sogliardo*, if you 561
affect to be a Gentleman indeed, you must obserne all the rare
qualities, humors, and complementes of a Gentleman.

Sog. I know it Signior, and if you please to instruct, I am not
too good to learne, Ile assure you.

550 *Car.* Inough sir: Ile make admirable vse i'the proiection of
my medicine vpon this lumpe of copper here. Ile bethinke mee
for you sir.

Sog. Signior, I will both pay you and pray you, and thanke
you, and thinke on you.

555 *G R E X.*

Cord. Is not this purely good?

571

Mac. Sbloud, why should such a prick-eard Hind as this

Bee rich? Ha? a foole? such a transparent gull

That may be seene through? wherefore should he haue land,

560 Houses, and Lordships? O, I could eate my entrails,

And sinke my soule into the earth with sorrow.

Car. First (to be an accomlisht Gentleman; that is, a Gentle-
man of the time) you must giue ore housekeeping in the Coun-
trey, and liue altogether in the Citie amongst gallants; where,
565 at your first apparance, twere good you turnde foure or fue
hundred Acres of your best lande into two or three Trunkes of
apparrell, you may doe it without going to a Coniurer: and be
sure

sure you mixe your selfe still with such as flourish in the spring of the fashion, and are least Popular; studie their cariage and beha-
 570 uiour in all: learne to play at *Primero* and *Passage*, and (euer when you loose) ha'two or three peculiar othes to sweare by, that no man else sweares: but aboue all, protest in your plaie, & affirme, *Vpon your credite; As you are a Gentleman* (at euerie cast:) you may do it with a safe conscience, I warrant you.

575 *Sog.* O admirable rare! hee cannot chuse but be a Gentle- 589
 man, that ha'es these excellent giftes: more, more, I beseech you.

Car. You must endeouour to feede cleanlie at your Ordinarie, sit melancholie, and picke your teeth when you cannot speake:
 580 and when you come to Playes, bee Humorous, looke with a good starch't face, and ruffle your brow like a new Boot; laugh at nothing but your owne iestes, or else as the Noblemen laugh; that's a speciall grace you must obserue.

Sog. I warrant you sir.

585 *Car.* I, and sit o'the Stage, and floute; prouided, you haue a good suit.

Sog. O Ile haue a suit onelie for that sir.

Car. You must talke much of your kindred and alies.

Sog. Lies! no Signior, I shall not neede to doe so, Il'haue kin-
 590 dred in the Cittie to talke of; I haue a neece is a Merchants wife; and a nephew, my brother *Sordidos* son, of the Innes of Court.

Car. O but you must pretende alliance with Courtiers and 603
 great persons: and euer when you are to dine or suppe in anie strange presence, hire a fellowe with a great Chaine (though
 595 it bee Copper it's no matter) to bring you Letters, feign'd from such a Nobleman, or such a Knight, or such a Ladie, To their Worshipfull, right rare, and Noble qualified friende or Kinsman, *Signior Insulso Sogliardo*; giue your selfe stile enough. And there (while you intende circumstances of newes, or en-
 600 quire of their health, or soe) one of your Familiars (whome you must carrie about you still) breakes it vppe (as twere in a iest) and reades it publikely at the Table: at which, you must seeme to take as vnardonable offence as if he had torne your Mistresse colours, or breat'd vpon her picture, and pur-

605 sue it with that hot grace, as if you would enforce a challenge
vpon it presently,

Sog. Stay, I doe not like that Humor of challenge, it may be 615
accepted: but I'll tell you what's my humor now: I will doe
this, I will take occasion of sending one of my suites to the Tay-
610 lors to haue the pocket repaired, or so; and there such a letter as
you talke off (broke open and all) shall be left. O, the Taylor will
presently giue out what I am vpon the reading of it, worth
twenty of your Gallants.

Car. But then you must put on an extreame face of discon-
615 tentment at your mans negligence.

Sog. O, so I will, and beate him too: I'll haue a man for the
purpose.

Mac. You maie, you haue lande and crownes: O partiall
Fate!

620 *Car.* Masse well remembred, you must keepe your men gal- 625
lant, at the first, fine pide Liueries laide with good golde lace,
there's no lesse in it, they may rip't off and pawne it, when they
lacke victuals.

Sog. Bir Ladie that is chargeable Signior, 'twill bring a man
625 in debt.

Car. Debt? why that's the more for your credite sir: it's an
excellent pollicie to owe much in these dayes, if you note it.

Sog. As how good Signior? I would faine be a Politician.

Car. O, looke where you are indebted anie great summe, 632
630 your creditor obserues you with no lesse regard, then if he were
boud to you for some huge benefite, and will quake to giue you
the least cause of offence, least he loose his money. I assure you
(in these times) no man has his seruant more obsequious & pli-
ant, than Gentlemen their creditors: to whom (if at any time)
635 you pay but a moietie or a fourth part, it comes more accepted-
ly, than if you gaue'hem a newyeeres gift.

Sog. I perceiue you sir, I will take vp, and bring my selfe in
credite sure.

Cor. Marrie this, alwaies beware you commerce not with
640 Bankroutes, or poore needie Ludgathians: they are impudent
creatures, turbulent spiritess, they care not what violent trage-
dies

dies they stirre, nor how they play fast and loose with a poore Gentlemans fortunes to get their owne: marry, these rich fellows (thar ha'the worlde, or the better part of it, sleeping in
645 their counting-houses) they are ten times more peaceable, they: either feare, hope, or modestie restraines them from offering anie outrages: but this is nothing to your followers, you shall not runne a pennie more in arrerage for them, and you list your selfe.

650 *Sog.* No? how should I keepe'hem then?

650

Carl. Keepe'hem? Sblood let them keepe themselues, they are no Sheepe, are they? What? you shall come in houses where Plate, Apparrell, Iewels, and diuers other prettie commodities lie negligently scattered, and I would ha'those *Mercuries* fol-
655 lowe me (I trow) should remember they had not their fingers for nothing.

Sog. That's not so good me thinkes.

Car. Why after you haue kept them a fortnight or so, and shew'd'hem yenough to the world, you may turne'hem away,
660 and keepe no more but a Boy, it's ynough.

Sog. Nay my humor is not for Boyes, Ile keepe men, and I keepe any: and Ile giue coates, rhat's my humor: but I lacke a Cullisen.

Car. Why now you ride to the citie, you may buy one, Ile
665 bring you where you shall ha'your choise for money.

Sog. Can you sir?

Car. O I, you shall haue one take measure of you, and make you a *Coate* of armes to fit you of what fashion you will.

Sog. By worde of mouth I thanke you Signior; Ile be once a
670 little prodigall in a Humor in faith, and haue a most prodigious *Coate*.

Mac. Torment and death, breake head and braine at once,
To be deliuer'd of your fighting issue.

Who can endure to see blinde Fortune dote thus?

675 To be enamour'd on this dustie Turfe?

This clod? a hoorsen Puckfist? O God, God, God, God, &c.

I could runne wild with grieve now to behold

The ranknesse of her bounties, that doth breed

C iii.

Such

- Such Bulrushes; these Mushrompe Gentlemen, 676
 680 That shoot vp in a night to place and worship.
Car. Let him alone, some stray, some stray.
Sog. Nay I will examine him before I goe sure.
Car. The Lord of the soile ha's all wefts and straies here, ha's
 he not?
 685 *Sog.* Yes sir.
Car. Faith then I pittie the poore fellowe, hee's falne into a
 fooles hands.
Sog. Sirah, who gaue you commission to lie in my Lordship?
Mac. Your Lordship?
 690 *Sog.* How? my Lordship? doe you know me sir?
Mac. I do know you sir.
Car. S'heart, he answers him like an Eccho.
Sog. Why, who am I Sir?
Mac. One of those that Fortune fauors. 690
 695 *Car.* The *Periphrasis* of a foole; Ile obserue this better.
Sog. That fortune fauors? how meane you that friend?
Mac. I meane simply; That you are one that liues not by
 your wits.
Sog. By my wits? No sir, I scorne to liue by my wits, I; I haue
 700 better meanes I tell thee, than to take such base courses, as to liue
 by my wits. Sblood doest thou thinke I liue by my wits?
Mac. Me thinkes Iester, you should not relish this well.
Car. Ha? does he know me?
Mac. Though yours be the worst vse a man can put his wit 700
 705 too of thousandes, to prostitute it at euerie Tauerne and Ordi-
 narie, yet (me thinkes) you should haue turn'd your broade side
 at this, and haue been readie with an Apologie, able to sinke
 this Hulke of Ignoraunce into the bottome, and depth of his
 Contempt.
 710 *Car.* Sblood tis *Macilente*: Signior, you are well encountred,
 how is't? O we must not regarde what he saies man; a Trout, a
 shallow foole, he ha's no more braine than a Butterflie, a meere
 stuft suite, he lookes like a mustie bottle new wickerd, his head's
 the Corke, light, light. I am glad to see you so well return'd
 715 Signior.
Mac.

Mac. You are? Gramercie good *Ianus*.

710

Sog. Is he one of your acquaintance? I loue him the better for that.

Car. Gods pretious, come away man, what do you meane? and
720 you knew him as I do, you'd shun him as you'd do the plague?

Sog. Why sir?

Car. O, hee's a blacke fellow, take heed on him.

Sog. Is he a Scholler or a Souldior?

Car. Both, both; a leane Mungrell, hee lookes as if he were
725 chap-falne with barking at other mens good fortunes: 'ware
how you offend him, hee carries Oyle and Fire in his pen, will
scald where it drops, his Spirit's like Powder, quicke, violent;
hee'le blow a man vp with a iest: I feare him worse than a rot-
ten Wall do's the Cannon, shake an hower after at the report:

730 away, come not neare him.

Sog. For Gods sake lets be gone, and he be a Scholler, you 723
know I cannot abide him, I had as leeuue see a Cocatrice, specially
as Cocatrices go now.

Car. What, youle stay Signior? this Gentleman *Sogliardo* and
735 I are to visite the Knight *Puntaruolo*, and from thence to the Ci-
tie, we shall meete there.

Exeunt Car. and Sog.

Mac. I, when I cannot shun you, we will meete.

729

Tis strange: of all the creatures I haue seene,

740 I enuie not this *Buffon*, for indeed

Neither his fortunes nor his partes deserue it;

But I do hate him as I hate the deuill,

Or that bras-visag'd monster *Barbarisme*,

O, tis an open-throated, blacke-mouth'd curre,

745 That bites at all, but eate s on those that feed him:

A slaue, that to your face will (Serpent-like)

Creepe on the ground, as he would eate the dust;

And to your backe will turne the taile and sting

More deadly than a Scorpion: stay, who's this?

750 Now for my soule, another minion

Of the old lady *Chance's*, Ile obserue him.

Enter

*Enter Sordido with a Prognostication.**Folio
Act. I. Sc*

SCENA TER.

Sord. O rare, good, good, good, good, good, I thanke my
755 Christ, I thanke my Christ for it.

Mac. Said I not true? doth not his passion speake
Out of my diuination? O my sences,
Why loose you not your powers, and become
Dead, dull, and blunted with this Spectacle?

760 I know him, tis *Sordido*, the Farmer,
A Boore, and brother to that Swine was here.

Sor. Excellent, excellent, excellent, as I would wish, as I
would wish.

Mac. See how the strumpet *Fortune* tickles him, 755
765 And makes him swoune with laughter, O, O, O.

Sord. Ha, ha, ha, I will not sow my grounds this yeere, Let me
see what Haruest shall we haue? Iune, Iulie?

Mac. What is't a Prognostication rap's him so?

Sord. The .xx. xxi. xxii. daies, raine and wind; O good, good:
770 the .xxiii. and xxiiii. raine and some wind; good: the xxv raine;
good still: xxvi. xxvii. xxviii. winde and some raine; would it
had been raine and some winde: well tis good (when it can bee
no better) xxix. inclining to raine: inclining to raine? that's not
so good now .xxx. and .xxxi. wind and no raine. No raine? S'lid
775 stay, this is worse and worse: what saies he of S. *Swithens*? Turne
backe, looke S. *Swithens*: no raine.

Mac. O there's a pretious filthy damned rogue, 767
That fats himselfe with expectation
Of rotten weather, and vnseason'd howers;
780 And he is rich for it, and elder brother,
His barnes are full, his reekes, and mowes well trod,
His garnars cracke with store. O, tis well; ha, ha, ha:
A plague consume thee and thy house.

Sord. O heare, S. *Swithens*, the .xv. day, variable weather, for
785 the most part raine, good; for the most part raine: Why it
should raine fortie daies after now, more or lesse; it was a rule
helde afore I was able to holde a plough, and yet here are two
daies,

daies no raine; ha? it makes me muse. Weele see how the next 777
 month begins, if that be better. August: August, first, second,
 790 third, and fourth dayes, rainie, and blustering; this is well now:
 fift, sixt, seuenth, eight, and ninth, raine, with some thunder; I
 marry, this is excellent; the other was false printed sure: the
 tenth, and eleuenth, great store of raine: O good, good, good,
 good, good: the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth daies, raine;
 795 good stil: fifteenth and sixteenth, raine; good still: seuenteenth,
 and eighteenth, raine; good still: ninteenth and twentieth,
 Good still, good still, good still, good still, good still: one and
 twentieth, some raine: some raine? well, we must be patient,
 and attend the heauens pleasure, would it were more though:
 800 the two and twentieth, three and twentieth, great tempest of
 raine, thunder, and lightning.

O good againe, past expectation good:
 I thanke my blessed angell; neuer, neuer,
 Laid I penney better out then this,
 805 To purchase this deare booke: not deare for price,
 And yet of me, as dearely priz'd as life,
 Since in it is containd the very life,
 Bloud, strength, and sinewes of my happinesse:
 Blest be the houre wherein I bought this booke,
 810 His studies happy that compos'd the booke,
 And the man fortunate that sold the booke:
 Sleepe with this charme, and be as true to mee,
 As I am ioy'd and confident in thee.

Enter a Hind to Sordido with a paper.

815 *Mac.* Ha, ha, ha? Is not this good? Is it not pleasing this? ha, ha? 802
 Ist possible that such a spacious villaine (Gods ha?
 Should liue, and not be plagude? or lies he hid
 Within the wrinckled bosome of the world,
 Where heauen cannot see him? Sblood (me thinkes)
 820 Tis rare and admirable, that he should breath and walke,
 Feed with disgestion, sleepe, enioy his health,
 And (like a boystrous Whale, swallowing the poore)
 Still swimme in wealth and pleasure: is it not strange?
 Vnlesse his house and skin were thunder-prooffe,

D

I won-

- 825 I wonder at it. Me thinkes now, the Hecticke,
 Gout, Leprosie, or some such loath'd disease
 Might light vpon him; or that fire (from heauen)
 Might fall vpon his barnes; or mice and rats
 Eat vp his graine; or else that it might rot
 830 Within the hoary Reekes, e'ne as it stands.
 Me thinkes this might be well; and after all,
 The diuell might come and fetch him: I, tis true.
 Meane time he surfets in prosperitie,
 And thou (in enuie of him) gnaw'st thy selfe:
 835 Peace foole, get hence, and tell thy vexed spirit,
„Wealth in this age will scarcely looke on merit.
Sord. Who brought this same sirrha?
Hind. Marrie sir one of the Iustices men, he saies tis a precept,
 and all their hands be at it.
 840 *Sord.* I, and the prints of them sticke in my flesh
 Deeper then i'their letters: They haue sent me
 Pils wrapt in a paper here, that should I take'hem,
 Would poison all the sweetnesse of my Booke,
 And turne my Honey into Hemlocke iuice:
 845 But I am wiser than to serue their precepts,
 Or follow their prescriptions: Here's a deuise,
 To charge me bring my Graine into the markets:
 I, much, when I haue neither Barne nor Garner,
 Nor earth to hide it in, Ile bring it; but till then,
 850 Each corne *I* send shall be as big as Paules.
 O, but (say some) the poore are like to sterue.
 Why let'hem sterue, what's that to me? are Bees
 Bound to keepe life in Drones and idle Moaths? no:
 Why such are these (that tearme themselues the poore,
 855 Only because they would be pittied)
 But are indeed a sort of lazie Beggars,
 Licencious Rogues, and sturdie Vagabonds,
 Bred (by the sloth of a fat plentious yeare)
 Like snakes in heat of summer out of dung,
 860 And this is all that these cheape times are good for:
 Whereas a holesome and penurious Dearth

813

Exit.

825

Purges

Purges the soyle of such vile excrements,
And kils the Vipers vp.

Hind. O but maister,

865 Take heed they heare you not.

Sord. Why so?

Hind. They will exclaime against you.

853

Sor. I, their exclaimes

Moue me as much, as thy breath moues a Mountaine;

870 Poore wormes, they hisse at me, whilst I at home

Can be contented to applaud my selfe,

To sit and clap my hands, and laugh and leape,

Knocking my head against my roofe, with ioy

To see how plumpe my bags are, and my barnes.

875 Sirah, go, hie you home, and bid your fellowes

Get all their flailes readie againe I come.

Hind. I will sir.

Exit Hind.

Cord. Ile instantly set all my Hinds to thrashing

862

Of a whole Reeke of corne, which I will hide

880 Vnder the ground: and with the straw thereof

Ile stuffe the outsides of my other Mowes:

That done, Ile haue'hem emptie all my Garners,

And i'the friendly Earth bury my store,

That when the Searchers come, they may suppose

885 All's spent, and that my fortunes were belied.

And to lend more opinion to my want,

And stop that many-mouthed vulgar Dog,

(Which else would still be bayting at my doore)

Each market day, I will be seene to buy

890 Part of the purest Wheat, as for my houshold:

Where when it comes, it shall encrease my heapes,

Twill yeeld me treble gaine at this deare time,

Promisde in this deare Booke: I haue cast all,

Till then I will not sell an eare, Ile hang first.

895 O I shall make my prizes as I list,

My house and I can feed on Peas and Barley,

What though a world of wretches sterue the while?

„ He that will thriue, must thinke no courses vile. *Exit.*

G R E X.

900 *Cor.* Now signior, how approue you this? haue the Humo- 884
rists exprest themselues truly or no?

Mit. Yes (if it be wel prosecuted) tis hitherto happie ynough:
but me thinks *Macilente* went hence too soone, hee might haue
bene made to stay, and speake somewhat in reproofe of *Sordidos*
905 wretchednesse, now at the last.

Cor. O no, that had bin extreemly improper, besides he had cōti-
nued the *Scene* too lōg with him as twas, being in no more actiō.

Mit. You may enforce the length as a necessary reason; but for
propriety the *Scene* wold very wel haue born it, in my iudgment.

910 *Cor.* O worst of both: why you mistake his humor vtterly thē.

Mit. How? do I mistake it? is it not Envie?

Cor. Yes, but you must vnderstand Signior, hee enuies him
not as he is a villaine, a wolfe in the commonwealth, but as he is
rich and fortunate; for the true condition of enuy, is *Dolor alienæ*
915 *felicittatis*, to haue our eyes continually fixt vpon another mans
prosperitie, that is his chiefe happinesse, and to grieue at that.
Whereas if we make his monstrous and abhord actions, our ob-
iect, the grieue (we take then) comes neerer the nature of Hate
than Enuie, as being bred out of a kind of contempt and loathing
920 in our selues.

Mit. So you'le infer it had beene Hate, not Enuie in him, to 904
reprehend the humor of *Sordido*?

Cor. Right, for what a man truly enuies in another, he could
alwaies loue, and cherish in himselfe; but no man truely repre-
925 hends in another what he loues in himselfe: therefore reprehension
is out of his Hate. And this distinction hath hee himselfe
made in a speech there (if you marke it) where hee saies, *I enuy*
not this Buffon, but I hate him.

Mit. Stay sir: *I enuy not this Buffon, but I hate him*: why might
930 he not as well haue hated *Sordido* as him?

Cor. No Sir, there was subiect for his enuie in *Sordido*; his
wealth: So was there not in the other, hee stood possest of no
one eminent gift, but a most odious and friend-like disposition,
that would turne Charitie it selfe into Hate, much more Enuie
935 for the present.

Enter

Enter Carlo, Buffone, Sogliardo, Fastidius Briske, Cinedo.

ACTVS SECVNDVS, SCENA PRIMA.

Mit. You haue satisfied me sir, O here comes the *Foole* and 917
the *Iester* againe me thinkes.

940 *Cor.* Twere pittie they should be patted sir.

Mit. What bright-shining gallant's that with them? the
knight they went to?

Cord. No sir, this is one Monsieur *Fastidius Briske*, otherwise
calde the fresh Frenchfield Courtier.

945 *Mit.* A humorist too?

Cord. As humorous as quick-siluer, doo but obserue him, the
Scene is the countrey still, remember.

Fast. Cinedo, watch when the knight comes, & giue vs word. *Folio*

Cine. I will sir.

Act.II.Sc.I.

950 *Fast.* How likste thou my boy, *Carlo*?

Car. O wel, wel, he lookes like the colonel of a Pigmies horse,
or one of these motions in a great anticke clocke: hee would
shewe well vpon a Habberdashers stall, at a corner shop rarely.

Fast. Sheart, what a damnde wittie rogue's this? how hee 936
955 confounds with his *similies*?

Car. Better with *similies* than smiles: and whether were you
riding now Signior?

Fast. Who I? what a silly iest's that? whither should I ride
but to the Court?

960 *Car.* O pardon me sir, twentie places more: your hot house,
or your-----

Fast. By the vertue of my soule, this knight dwels in *Elizium*
here.

Car. Hees gone now, I thought hee would flie out present-
965 ly. These be our nimble-sprighted *Catso's*, that ha'their euasi-
ons at pleasure, wil run ouer a bog like your wild Irish: no soo-
ner started, but they'le leape from one thing to another like a
squirrell, heigh; Daunce, and doo trickes in their discourse, from
Fire to Water, from Water to Ayre, from Ayre to Earth, as if
970 their tongues did but euen licke the foure Elements ouer, and
away.

Fast. Sirra *Carlo*, thou neuer saw'st my grey Hobbie yet, didst thou? 95r

Carl. No, ha'you such a one?

975 *Fast.* The best in Europe (my good villaine) thou'lt say, when thou seest him.

Car. But when shall I see him?

Fast. There was a Noble man i'the Court offered mee 100. pound for him by this light: a fine little fierie slaue, hee turnes
980 like a (O) excellent, excellent, with the very sound of the spurre.

Car. How? the sound of the spurre?

Fast. O, it's your only humor now extant sir: a good gingle, a good gingle.

Carl. Sblood you shall see him turne morrisdauncer, hee ha's
985 got him belles, a good sute, and a Hobby-horse.

Sog. Signior, now you talke of a Hobby-horse, I know where one is, will not be giuen for a brace of angels.

Fast. How is that Sir?

Sog. Mary sir, I am telling this gentleman of a Hobby-horse,
990 it was my fathers indeed, and (though I say it

Car. That should not say it) on, on.

970

Sog. Hee did daunce in it with as good humour, and as good gard, as any man of his degree whatsoeuer, beeing no Gentleman: I haue daunc't in it my selfe too.

995 *Car.* Not since the Humour of gentilitie was vpon you? did you?

Sog. Yes once: marry, that was but to shew what a gentleman might doo in a Humor.

Car. O very good.

1000

G R E X.

Mit. { Why this fellowes discourse were nothing but for the word Humor.

Cord. { O beare with him, and he should lacke matter and words too, 'twere pittifull.

1005 *Sog.* Nay looke you Sir, there's ne're a Gentleman i' the countrey has the like humors for the Hobby-horse as I haue? I haue the Methode for the threeding of the needle, the----

Car. How the Methode?

Sog. I,

Sog. I, the Leigeritie, for that, and the wigh-hie, and the 987
 1010 daggers in the Nose, and the trauels of the Egge from finger to
 finger, all the Humors incident to the qualitie. The horse hangs
 at home in my parlor, Ile keepe it for a monument, as long as
 I liue, sure.

Carl. Doo so: and when you die, 'twill be an excellent Tro-
 1015 phée to hang ouer your Tombe.

Sog. Masse, and Ile haue a Tombe (nowe I thinke on't) 'tis
 but so much charges.

Car. Best builde it in your life time then, your Heyres may
 hap to forget it else.

1020 Sog. Nay I meane so, Ile not trust to them.

Carl. Noe, for Heires and Executors, are growne damnable
 carelesse, specially since the ghostes of Testators left walking:
 how like you him Signior?

Fast. 'Fore heauens, his humor arrides me exceedingly.

1025 Car. Arrides you?

Fast. I, pleases me (a poxe on't) I am so haunted at the Court 1003
 and at my lodging, with your refin'd choice spirits, that it makes
 me cleane of another Garbe, another straine, I knowe not how:
 I cannot frame me to your harsh vulgar phrase, tis agaynst my
 1030 Genius.

Sog. Signior Carla.

G R E X.

Cord. { This is right to that of *Horace*, *Dum vitant stulti vitia*
 1035 { *in contraria currant*: so this gallant labouring to auoid
 Popularitie, falles into a habit of Affectation, tenne
 thousand times more hatefull than the former.

Car. Who he? a gull? a foole? no salt in him i'the earth man:
 hee lookes like a fresh Salmon kept in a tubbe: hee'le bee spent
 shortly, his braine's lighter than his feather alreadie, and his
 1040 tongue more subiect to lie, than that's to wag: hee sleepes with
 a muske Cat euery night, and walkes all day hang'd in Poman-
 der chaines for pennance: hee ha's his skin tan'd ciuet, to make
 his complexion strong, and the sweetnesse of his youth lasting
 in the sence of his sweet Ladie, A good emptie Puffe, hee loues
 1045 you well Signior.

Sog. There

Sog. There shall be no loue lost Sir, Ile assure you. 1019

Fast. Nay *Carl*, I am not happie in thy loue I see, pr'y thee suffer mee to enioy thy companie a little (sweete mischiefe) by this ayre, I shall enuie this Gentlemans place in thy affections, 1050 if you be thus priuate I faith: how now? is the Knight arriu'd?

Enter Cinedo.

Cine. No Sir, but tis gest he will arriue presently, by his fore-runners.

Fast. His hounds! by *Minerua* an excellent Figure; a good 1055 boy.

Car. You should giue him a French crowne for it: the boye would find two better Figures in that, and a good Figure of your bountie beside.

Fast. Tut, the boy wants no crownes.

1060 *Car.* No crowne: speake in the singular number, and weelee beleeeue you.

Fast. Nay, thou art so capriciously conceyted now: Sirra (*Dānation*) I haue heard this Knight *Puntaruallo*, reported to be a Gentleman of exceeding good humour: thou knowst him: 1065 pry-thee, how is his disposition? I ne're was so fauour'de of my starres as to see him yet. Boy, do you looke to the Hobbie?

Cine. I Sir, the groome has set him vp. 1038

Fast. Tis well: I ridde out of my way, of intent to visit him, and take knowledge of his: Nay good *Wickednesse*, his humour, 1070 his humour.

Car. Why he loues Dogges, and Haukes, and his wife well: he has a good ryding face, and hee can sit a great Horse; hee will taint a staffe well at tilt: when hee is mounted, hee lookes like the signe of the *George*, thats all I knowe: saue that in steede of 1075 a Dragon, hee will brandish against a tree, and breake his sword as confidently vpon the knottie barke, as the other did vpon the skales of the beast.

Fast. O, but this is nothing to that is deliuered of him: they say hee has dialogues, and discourses betweene his Horse, him- 1080 selfe, and his Dogge: and that hee will court his owne Ladie, as she were a stranger neuer encountred before.

Car. I, that hee will, and make fresh loue to her euery morning:

ning: this gentleman has bene a Spectator of it, *Signior Insulso*.

Sog. I am resolute to keepe a Page: say you sir?

1053

1085 *Car*. You haue seene *Signior Puntaruolo* accost his Ladie?

Sogl. O, sir.

Fast. And how is the maner of it pr'y thee good Sgnior?

Sog. Faith sir in very good sort; hee has his humours for it sir: as first, (suppose he were now to come from riding, or hunting, 1090 or so) he has his trumpet to sound, and then the waiting Gentlewoman, shee lookes out; and then hee speakes, and then shee speakes: very prettie I faith gentlemen.

Fast. Why, but do you remember no particulars, signior?

Sog. O, yes sir: first, the gentlewoman shee lookes out at the 1095 window.

Car. After the trumpet has summon'd a parle? not before?

Sog. No sir, not before: and then saies he; ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Car. What saies he? be not rapt so.

Sog. Saies he; ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

1100 *Fast*. Nay speake, speake.

Sog. Ha, ha, ha, saies he: God saue you, ha, ha, &c.

1070

Car. Was this the ridiculous motiue to all this passion?

Sog. Nay that, that comes after is: ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Car. Doubtlesse hee apprehends more than hee vtters, this 1105 fellow: or else.

Sog. List, list, they are come from hunting: *A crie of hounds*
stand by, close vnder this Tarras, and you shal *within*.
see it done better than I can shew it.

Car. So it had need, 'twill scarce poize the obseruation else.

1110 *Sog*. Faith I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my head.

Fast. O withdraw, withdraw, it cannot be but a most pleasing obiect.

Enter Puntaruolo, a Huntsman with a Graihound.

Act.II.Sc.2.

1115 *Pun*. Forrester, giue winde to thy Horne. Inough: by this the sound hath toucht the eares of the enclosed: Depart, leaue the Dogge, and take with thee what thou hast deseru'd, the Horne, and thanks.

Car. I mary, there's some taste in this.

E

Fast. Is't

[LINGE'S QUARTO]

1120 *Fast.* Is't not good?

Sog. Ah peace, now aboue, now aboue.

The wayting Gentlewomen appeare at the window.

Pun. Stay: mine eye hath (on the instant) through the boun- 1091
tie of the window, receiu'd the forme of a Nymph, I will step for-
1125 ward three paces: of the which, I will barely retire one; and (af-
ter some little flexure of the knee) with an erected grace salute
her: 1, 2, and 3. Sweet Lady, God saue you.

Gent. No forsooth: I am but the waiting Gentlewoman.

Carl. He knew that before.

1130 *Punt.* Pardon me: *Humanum est errare.*

Carl. He learn'd that of a Puritane.

Punt. To the perfection of Complement (which is the dyall
of the thought, and guided by the Sunne of your beauties) are
requirde these three Proiects: the *Gnomon*, the *Puntilios*, and the
1135 *Superficies*: the *Superficies*, is that we call *Place*; the *Puntilio's*,
Circumstance; and the *Gnomon*, *Ceremonie*: in either of which, for
a stranger to erre, 'tis easie and facile; and such am I.

Car. True, not knowing her *Horison*, hee must needes erre:
which I feare, he knowes too well.

1140 *Pun.* What call you the Lord of the Castle? sweet face.

Gent. The Lord of the Castle is a knight sir; Signior *Puntar-* 1109
uolo.

Punt. *Puntaruolo?* O.

Car. Now must he ruminare.

1145 *Fast.* Does the wench know him all this while then?

Car. O, doo you know me man? why therein lies the sirrup of
the ieast: it's a Proiect, a designment of his owne, a thing studied,
and rehearst as ordinarily at his comming from hawking or hun-
ting, as a Iigge after a Play.

1150 *Sog.* I, e'en like your Iigge sir.

Punt. 'Tis a most sumptuous and stately edifice: what yeares
is the Knight, faire Damsell?

Gent. Faith much about your yeares sir.

Punt. What complexion, or what stature beares he?

1155 *Gent.* Of your stature, and very neere vpon your complexion.

Punt. Mine is Melancholly.

Car. So

Car. So is the dogs, iust.

1125

Punt. And doth argue constancie, chiefly in loue. What are his endowments? Is he courteous?

1160 *Gent.* O the most courteous Knight vpon Gods earth sir.

Punt. Is he magnanimous?

Gent. As the skin betweene your browes sir.

Punt. Is he bountifull?

Car. Sbloud, hee takes an Inuentorie of his owne good
1165 partes.

Gent. Bountifull? I sir I would you should know it; the poore are serude at his gate, early and late sir.

Punt. Is he learned?

Gent. O, sir, he can speake the French and Italian.

1170 *Punt.* Then he is trauailde?

Gent. I forsooth, he hath bene beyond-sea, once or twise.

Carl. As far as Paris, to fetch ouer a fashion, and come backe againe.

Punt. Is he religious?

1140

1175 *Gent.* Religious? *I* know not what you call religious, but hee goes to Church *I* am sure.

Fast. Slid, me thinkes these answeres should offend him.

Carl. Tut no: he knowes they are excellent, and to her capacitie that speake them.

1180 *Punt.* Would *I* might but see his face.

Carl. Shee should let downe a glasse from the window at that word, and request him to looke in it.

Punt. Doubtlesse, the gentleman is most exact, and absolutely qualified? doth the Castle containe him?

1185 *Gent.* No sir, he is from home, but his Lady is within.

Punt. His Lady? what is she faire? splendidious? and amiable?

Gent. O Iesu sir!

Punt. Prythee deare Nymph, intreat her beauties to shine
1190 on this side of the building.

Exit. Gent. from the window.

Carl. That hee may erect a new dyall of complement, with his *Gnomons*, and his *Puntolios*.

Fast. Nay, thou art such an other *Cinique* now, a man had need
1195 walke vprightly before thee.

Carl. Heart, can any man walke more vpright than he does? 1160
Looke, looke: as if he went in a frame, or had a sute of Wane-
scot on: and the dogge watching him least hee should leape out
on't.

1200 *Fast.* O villaine!

Car. Well, and euer I meet him in the citie, Ile haue him ioyn-
ted, Ile pawne him in East-cheape among butchers else.

Fast. Peace, who be these, *Carlo*?

Enter Sordido, with his sonne Fungoso.

Act.II.5

1205 *Sord.* Yonders your god-father: do your dutie to him sonne.

Sog. This sir? a poore elder brother of mine sir, a yeoman, may
dispend some seuen or eight hundred a yeare: that's his sonne,
my nephew there.

Punt. You are not il-come neighbour *Sordido*, though I haue
1210 not yet said welcome: what, my god-sonne is growne a great
Proficient by this?

Sord. I hope he will grow great one day, sir.

Fast. What does he study? the law?

Sog. I sir, he is a gentleman, though his father be but a yeo-
1215 man.

Car. What call you your nephew, Signior?

Sog. Mary his name is *Fungoso*.

Car. *Fungoso*? O, he lookt somewhat like a sponge in that
pinckt doublet me thought: well, make much of him; I see hee
1220 was neuer borne to ride vpon a moile.

Gen. My Lady will come presently sir.

Enter. Gent. aboue.

Sog. O now, now.

1185

Punt. Stand by, retire your selues a space: nay, pray you, forget
not the vse of your hat; the aire is piercing.

1225 *Sordido and Fungoso withdraw at the other part of the stage,*
meane time, the Lady is come to the window.

Fast. What? will not their presence preuaile against the cur-
rent of his humor?

Car. O no: it's a meere flood, a Torrent, carries all afore it.

1230 *Punt.* What more than heauenly *pulchritude* is this?

What

*What Magazine, or treasure of blisse?
 Dazle your organs to my optique sence,
 To view a creature of such eminence:
 O, I am planet-strooke, and in yond Sphere,
 A brighter starre than Venus doth appeare.*

1235

Fast. How? in verse?

1197

Car. An Extasie, an Extasie, man.

Lady. Is your desire to speake with me, sir Knight?

Car. Hee will tell you that anon: neither his Braine, nor his
 1240 Bodie, are yet moulded for an answer.

Punt. Most debonaire, and Luculent Ladie, I decline me as
 low as the *Basis* of your *Altitude*.

G R E X.

Cord. { Hee makes congies to his wife in Geometricall pro-
 1245 { portions.

Mit. { Is't possible there should be any such *Humorist*?

Cor. { Very easily possible, Sir, you see there is.

Punt. I haue scarce collected my spirites, but lately scatter'd
 in the admiration of your Forme: to which (if the bounties of
 1250 your minde be any way responsible) I doubt not but my desires
 shall finde a smooth and secure passage. I am a poore Knight-
 errant (Ladie) that hunting in the adiacent Forrest, was by ad-
 uenture in the pursuit of a Hart, brought to this place: which
 Hart (deare Madame) escaped by enchauntment: the euening
 1255 approaching (my selfe and seruant wearied) my suit is, to enter
 your faire Castle, and refresh me.

Lady. Sir Knight, albeit it be not vsuall with mee (chiefely in 1216
 the absence of a husband) to admit any entrance to strangers, yet
 in the true regard of those inward vertues, and faire parts which
 1260 so striue to expresse themselues in you, I am resolu'd to enter-
 taine you to the best of my vnworthie power: which I acknow-
 ledge to be nothing, valed with what so worthie a person may
 deserue. Please you but stay, while I descend.

She departs: and Puntaruolo fals in with Sordido,

1265 *and his sonne.*

Punt. Most admir'd Lady, you astonish me.

Car. What? with speaking a speech of your owne penning?

E 3

Fast. Nay

Fast. Nay looke, pr'y thee peace.

Car. Pox ont: I am impatient of such fopperie.

1225

1270 *Fast.* O lets heare the rest.

Car. What? a tedious Chapter of Courtship, after sir *Lancelot*, and Queen *Gueuener*? away: I mar'le in what dull cold nooke he found this Ladie out? that being a woman) she was blest with no more copie of wit, but to serue his Humour thus. Sblood, I
1275 thinke he feeds her with Porridge, I: she could ne're haue such a thicke braine else.

Sog. Why is Porridge so hurtfull, Signior?

Car. O, nothing vnder Heauen more preiudiciall to those ascending subtil powers, or doth sooner abate that which we call,
1280 *Acumen Ingenij*, than your grosse fare: why Ile make you an Instance: your Citie wiues, but obserue 'hem, you ha' not more perfect true fooles in the world bredde, than they are generally: and yet you see (by the finenesse and delicacie of their Diet, diuing into the fatte Capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding
1285 on Larks, Sparrows, Potato pyes, and such good vnctuous meats) how their wits are refinde and ratifide: and somtimes a verie *Quintessence* of conceit flowes from them, able to drown a weak Apprehension.

Fast. Peace, here comes the Ladie.

1242

1290 *Enter Lady with her Gent. and seeing them, turnes in againe.*

Lady. Gods me, here's company: turne in againe.

Fast. S'light our presence has cut off the conuoy of the iest.

Car. All the better, I am glad ont: for the issue was very perspicuous. Come, let's discouer, and salute the Knight.

1295 *Carlo and the other two, step forth to Punt.*

Punt. Stay: who be these that addresse themselues towards vs? what *Carlo*? now by the sinceritie of my soule, welcome, welcome gentlemen: and how doest thou, thou *Grand Scourge*, or *Second Vntrusse of the time*?

1300 *Carl.* Faith spending my mettall in this Reeling world (heere and there) as the swaie of my Affection carries mee, and perhaps stumble vpon a yeoman Pheuterer, as I doo now; or one of Fortunes Moyles laden with treasure, and an emptie Cloke-bagge

bagge following him, gaping when a bagge will vntie.

1305 *Punt.* Peace you bandogge peace: what briske *Nimfadoro* is 1256
that in the white virgin boote there?

Carl. Mary sir, one, that I must entreat you to take a very particular knowledge of, and with more than ordinarie respect: Monsieur *Fastidius*.

1310 *Punt.* Sir, I could wish that for the time of your vouchsaft abiding heere, and more Reall entertainment, this my house stood on the Muses hill: and these my Orchardes were those of the *Hesperide's*.

Fast. I possesse as much in your wish sir, as if I were made Lord 1315 of the Indies: and I pray you beleue it.

Car. I haue a better opinion of his Faith, than to rhinke it will be so corrupted.

Sog. Come brother, Ile bring you acquainted with Gentlemen, and good fellows, such as shall do you more grace, than----

1320 *Sord.* Brother, I hunger not for such acquaintance:

Do you take heed, least:---- *Carlo is comming toward them.*

Sog. Husht: my Brother sir, for want of education sir, some- 1272
what nodding to the Boore, the Clowne; but I request you in priuate sir.

1325 *Fun.* By Iesu, it is a very fine sute of cloathes.

G R E X.

Cor. { Doe you obserue that, Signior? theres another humor
has new crackt the shell.

Mit. { What? he is enamour'd of the Fashion, is he?

1330 *Cor.* { O you forestall the iest.

Fun. I mar'le what it might stand him in?

Sog. Nephew?

Fun. 'Fore God it is an excellent sute, and as neatly becomes him. What said you Vncle?

1335 *Sog.* When saw you my Neece?

Fun. Mary yesternight I supt there. That kind of Boot does very rare too.

Sog. And what newes heare you?

Fun. The guilt Spurre and all: would I were hangde, but it is exceeding

1340 exceeding good. Say you?

Sog. Your mind is carried away with some what else: I aske 1290
what newes you heare?

Fun. Troth wee heare none: in good faith I was neuer so
pleas'd with a fashion dayes of my life: O (and I might haue but
1345 my wish) I'd aske no more of God now, but such a suite, such a
Hatte, such a Bande, such a Doublet, such a Hose, such a
Boote, and such a---

Sog. They say there's a newe Motion of the Citie of Nineueh,
with *Ionas* and the Whale, to be seene at Fleet-bridge? you can
1350 tell Cousin?

Fun. Here's such a world of question with him now: Yes, I
thinke there be such a thing, I saw the picture: would he would
once be satisfied. Let me see, the Doublet, say fiftie shillings the
Doublet, and betweene three or foure pound the Hose, then
1355 Bootes, the Hat, and Band: some ten or eleuen pound would do
it all, and suite me for the *heauens*.

Sog. I'll see all those deuises, and I come to London once.

Fun. God slid, and I cold compasse it, twere rare: harke you
Vncle.

1360 *Sog.* What saies my Nephew?

1305

Fung. Faith Vncle, I'd ha desirde you to haue made a moti-
on for me to my father in a thing, that: walke aside and I'll tell
you sir, no more but this: there's a parcel of Lawe bookes (some
twenty pounds worth) that lie in a place for litle more then halfe
1365 the money they cost: and I thinke for some twelue pounce or
twenty marke, I could go neere to redeeme them: there's *Plow-*
den, *Diar*, *Brooke*, and *Fitz Herbert*: diuers such as I must haue
ere long: and you know I were as good saue fve or sixe pounce
as not, Vncle: I pray you moue it for me.

1370 *Sog.* That I wil: when would you haue me do it? presently?

Fung. O I, I pray you good Vncle: God send me good lucke:
Lord (and it be thy wil) prosper it: O Iesu: now, now, if it take
(O Christ) I am made for euer.

Fast. Shall I tell you sir: by this aire, I am the most behol-
1375 ding to that Lord, of any Gentleman liuing: hee dooes vse me
the most honourably, and with the greatest respect, more in-
deed,

deed, than can be vtter'd with any opinion of truth.

Punt. Then haue you, the Count *Gratiato*?

1322

Fast. As true noble a Gentleman too as any breathes; *I* am
 1380 exceedingly endear'd to his loue: by *Iesu*, (I protest to you
 Signior; *I* speake it not gloriously, nor out of affectation, but)
 theres he, and the Count *Frugale*, Signior *Illustre*, Signior *Lu-*
culento, and a sort of them; that (when *I* am at the Court) they
 doo share mee amongst them. Happie is he can enioy me most
 1385 priuate; *I* doo wish my selfe sometime an *Vbiquitarie* for their
 loue, in good faith.

Carl. Theres neuer a one of these but might lye a weeke on
 the Racke, ere they could bring foorth his name: and yet hee
 powres them out as familiarly, as if hee had seene them stand
 1390 by the fire in the presence, or tane *Tabacco* with them ouer the
 stage, in the Lords roome.

Punt. Then you must of necessitie knowe our Court-starre
 there? that planet of wit, *Maddona Sauiolina*?

Fast. O Lord sir! my mistresse.

1336

1395 *Punt.* Is she your mistresse?

Fast. Faith, heere be some slight fauours of hers sir, that doo
 speake it, *Shee is*; as this Scarfe sir, or this Ribband in mine eare,
 or so; this Feather grew in her sweete Fanne sometimes, though
 nowe it bee my poore fortune to weare it as you see sir; slight,
 1400 slight, a foolish toy.

Punt. Well, shee is the Ladie of a most exalted, and inge-
 nous spirit.

Fast. Did you euer heare any woman speake like her? or en-
 rich with a more plentiful discourse?

1405 *Carl.* O villanous! nothing but sound, sound, a meere *Eccho*,
 shee speakes as she goes tir'd, in Cobweb lawne, light, thin: good
 enough to catch flies withall.

Punt. O, manage your affections.

Fast. Well, if thou beest not plagu'd for this blasphemie one
 1410 daie:-----

Punt. Come, regarde not a *Iester*: it is in the power of my
 purse to make him speake well or ill of me.

F

Fast. Sir,

[LINGE'S QUARTO]

Fast. Sir, I affirme it to you (vpon my Credit and iudgement) 1352
she has the most Harmonious and Musicall straine of Wit, that
1415 euer tempted a ttue eare; and yet to see, a rude rogue will pro-
fane Heauen.

Punt. I am not ignorant of it sir.

Fast. Oh, it flowes from her like *Nectar*, and she doth giue it,
that sweete, quicke grace, and exornation in the composure,
1420 that (*By this good Heauen*) shee does obserue as pure a Phrase,
and vse as choyse Figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be
i'the *Arcadia*.

Car. Or rather in *Greenes* works, whence she may steale with
more securitie.

1425 *Sord.* Well, if tenne pound will fetch'hem, you shall haue it,
but I'll part with no more.

Fun. I'll trie what that will doo, if you please.

Sord. Doo so: and when you haue'hem, studie hard.

Fun. Yes sir: and I could studie to get fortie shillings more
1430 now: well, I will put my selfe into the Fashion, as farre as this
will goe, presently.

Sord. I wonder it raines not! the Almanacke saies we should 1370
haue store of raine to day.

Pun. Why sir, to morrow I will associate you to the Court
1435 my selfe; and from thence to the Cittie, about businesse, a
Proiect I haue: I will expose it to you Sir: *Carlo* I am sure has
heard of it.

Car. What's that sir?

Punt. I doo entend this yeare of *Iubile* to trauaile: and (be-
1140 cause I will not altogether goe vpon expence) I am determi-
ned to put forth some fiae thousand pounce, to be paide me fiae
for one, vpon the returne of my selfe, my Wife, and my Dogge,
from the Turkes Court in *Constantinople*. If all, or either of vs
miscarry in the iourney, 'tis gone: if wee be successefull, why,
1445 there will be xxv. thousand pounce to entertaine time withall.
Nay, go not neighbour *Sordido*; stay to night, and helpe to make
our societie the fuller. Gentlemen, frolicke: *Carlo*? what? dull
now?

Car. I

Car. I was thinking on your Proiect sir, and you call it so: is
1450 this the Dogge goes with you?

Punt. This is the Dogge Sir.

Car. He do'not go bare-foote, does he?

Punt. Away you traitor, away.

Car. Nay afore God, I speake simply; he may pricke his foote
1455 with a thorne, and bee as much as the whole venter is woorth.
Besides, for a Dogge that neuer trauail'd before, it's a huge iour-
ney to *Constantinople*: Ile tell you nowe (and hee were mine)
I'd haue some present conference with a Physitian, what An-
tidotes were good to giue him, and Preseruatiues against poy-
1460 son: for (assure you) if once your money bee out, there will be
diuers attempts made against the life of the poore *Animall*.

Punt. Thou art still dangerous.

Fast. Is Signior *Deliros* wife your kinswoman?

Sog. I sir, she is my Neece, my brothers daughter heere, and
1465 my Nephewes sister.

Sord. Doo you know her sir?

Fast. O God sir, Signior *Diliro* her husband is my Merchant.

Fun. I, haue seene this Gentleman there, often.

Fast. I crie you mercy sir: let me craue your name, pray you.

1470 *Fun.* *Fungoso* sir.

1405

Fast. Good Signior *Fungoso*, I shall request to know you bet-

Fun. I am her brother sir. (ter sir.

Fast. In faire time sir.

Punt. Come Gentlemen, I will be your conduct.

1475 *Fast.* Nay pray you sir; we shal meet at Signior *Deliro's* often.

Sog. You shall ha'me at the Herals office sir, for some weeke
or so, at my first comming vp. Come *Carlo*. *Exeunt.*

G R E X.

Mit. Me thinks *Cordatus*, he dwelt somewhat too long on this
1480 Scene: it hung in the hand.

Cord. I see not where he could haue insisted lesse, and to haue
made the Humors perspicuous enough.

Mit. True, as his Subiect lies: but he might haue altered the
shape of Argument, and explicated'hem better in single *Scenes*.

1485 *Cord.* That had bene Single indeed: why? be they not the 1421
 same persons in this, as they would haue bene in those? and is it
 not an obiect of more State, to behold the *Scene* ful, and relieu'd
 with varietie of Speakers to the end, then to see a vast emptie
 stage, and the Actors come in (one by one) as if they were dropt
 1490 downe with a feather into the eye of the Audience?

Mit. Nay, you are better traded with these things than I, and
 therefore I'll subscribe to your iudgement; marry you shal giue
 me leaue to make obiections.

Cord. O what else? it's the speciall intent of the Author you
 1495 should do so: for thereby others (that are present) may as well
 be satisfied, who happily would obiect ihe same you do.

Mit. So, sir, but when appeares *Macilente* againe?

Enter Macilente, Deliro, Fido, with hearbs and perfumes.

Cord. Mary he stayes but till our silence giue him leaue: here 1434
 1500 he comes, and with him, Signior *Deliro* a Merchant, at whose
 house hee is come to sojourne: Make your own obseruation now:
 onely transfer your thoughts to the Citie with the *Scene*: where,
 suppose they speake.

S C E N A T E R T I A.

Act.II.Sc

1505 *Deliro.* I'll tell you by and by sir.

Welcome (good *Macilente*) to my house,
 To sojourne euen for euer, if my best
 In cates, and euery sort of good intreaty
 May moue you stay with me.

1445

1510 *Deliro turnes to his boy, and fals a strowing of flowers.*

Mac. I thanke you sir:

And yet the muffled Fates (had it pleas'd them)
 Might haue suppli'd me from their owne full store
 Without this word (*I thanke you*) to a foole.

1515 I see no reason why that Dog (call'd *Chaunce*)

Should fawne vpon this fellow more than me:
 I am a man, and I haue Limmes, Flesh, Bloud,
 Bones, Sinewes, and a Soule as well as he:

My

- My parts are euery way as good as his, 1453
 1520 If I said better? why I did not lie;
 Nath'lesse his wealth (but nodding on my wants)
 Must make me bow, and crie: *I thanke you sir.*
Deli. Dispatch, take heed your mistresse see you not.
Fido. I warrant you sir. *Exit Fido.*
 1525 *Deli.* Nay gentle friend be merry, raise your lookes
 Out of your bosome, I protest (by heauen)
 You are the man most welcome in the world.
Mac. *I thanke you sir*, I know my *cue* I thinke.
Enter Fido with two Censors.
 1530 *Fido.* Where will you haue 'hem burne sir? 1463
Deli. Here good *Fido*:
 What? she did not see thee?
Fido. No sir.
Deli. That's well:
 1535 Strew, strew, good *Fido*, the freshest flowers, so.
Mac. What meanes this Signior *Deliro*?
Deli. Cast in more Frankincence, yet more, well said.
 O *Macilente*, I haue such a wife,
 So passing faire, so passing faire vnkind,
 1540 And of such worth and right to be vnkind,
 (Since no man can be worthie of her kindnesse.)
Mac. What can there not? 1472
Deli. No, that is sure as death,
 No man aliue: I doo not say *is not*:
 1545 But cannot possibly be worth her kindnesse.
 Nay that is certaine, let me doo her Right:
 How said *I*? doo her Right? as though *I* could,
 As though this dull grosse tongue of mine could vtter
 The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite Rights
 1550 That sir (as high as *I* can looke) within her.
Mac. This is such dotage as was neuer heard.
Deli. Well, this must needs be graunted.
Mac. Graunted quoth you?
Deli. Nay *Macilente*; do not so discredit

1555 The goodnes of your iudgement to denie it,
 For I doo speake the very least of her.
 And I would craue and beg no more of heauen
 For all my fortunes here, but to be able
 To vtter first in fit tearmes, what she is,
 1560 And then the true ioyes I conceaue in her.

Maci. Is't possible she should deserue so well
 As you pretend?

1489.

Deli. I, and she knowes so well
 Her owne deserts that (when I striue t'enioy them)
 1565 She waies the thing I doo, with what she merits:
 And (seeing my worth outwai'd so in her graces)
 She is so solemne, so precise, so froward,
 That no obseruance I can doo to her,
 Can make her kind to me: if she find fault,
 1570 I mend that fault, and then she saies I faulted
 That *I* did mend it. Now good Friend aduise me
 How *I* may temper this strange Splene in her.

Maci. You are too amorous, too obsequious,
 And make her, too assur'd she may command you.

1500

1575 When women doubt most of their husbands loues,
 They are most louing. Husbands must take heed
 They giue no gluts of kindnesse to their wiues,
 But vse them like their Horses, whom they feed
 Not with a manger-full of meat together,

1580 But halfe a pecke at once, and keepe them so
 Still with an appetite to that they giue them.
 He that desires to haue a louing wife,
 Must bridle all the shew of that desire:
 Be kind, not amorous, nor bewraying kindnesse,

1585 As if loue wrought it, but considerate Dutie:
 „Offer no loue-rites, but let wiues still seeke them,
 „For when they come vnsought, they sildome like them.

Deli. Beleeue me *Macilente*, this is Gospell.

O that a man were his owne man so much,
 1590 To rule himselfe thus; *I* will striue yfaith

To

To be more strange and carelesse: yet I hope
 I haue now taken such a perfect course,
 To make her kind to me, and liue contented,
 That I shall find my kindnesse well return'd,
 1595 And haue no need to fight with my affections.
 She (late) hath found much fault with euery roome
 Within my house; One was too big (she said)
 Another was not furnisht to her mind,
 And so through all: All which I haue alter'd.
 1600 Then here she hath a place (on my backside)
 Wherein she loues to walke, and that (she said)
 Had some ill smels about it. Now this walke
 Haue I (before she knowes it) thus perfum'd
 With hearbes and flowers, and laid in diuers places
 1605 (As'twere on Altars consecrate to her)
 Perfumed Gloues, and delicate chaines of Amber,
 To keepe the aire in awe of her sweete nostrils:
 This haue I done, and this I thinke will please her.
 Behold she comes.

1610

Enter Fallace.

Fall. Here's a sweet stinke indeed:
 What, shall I euer be thus crost and plagu'd?
 And sicke of husband? O my head doth ake
 As it would cleaue asunder with these sauours,
 1615 All my Room's alter'd, and but one poore Walke
 That I delighted in, and that is made
 So fulsome with perfumes, that I am fear'd
 (My braine doth sweat so) I haue caught the plague.
Del. Why (gentle wife) is now thy walke too sweete?
 1620 Thou said'st of late it had sower aires about it,
 And found'st much fault, that I did not correct it.
Fall. Why, and I did find fault Sir?
Deli. Nay deare wife;
 I know thou hast said thou hast lou'd perfumes,
 1625 No woman better.

1518

1537

Fall. I

- Fall.* I, long since perhaps,
 But now that Sence is alterd: you would haue me 1550
 (Like to a puddle or a standing poole)
 To haue no motion, nor no spirit within me.
- 1630 *No.* I am like a pure and sprightfull Riuer,
 That moues for euer, and yet still the same:
 Or fire that burnes much wood, yet still one flame.
- Deli.* But yesterday, I saw thee at our garden
 Smelling on Roses and on purple flowers,
 1635 And since I hope the Humor of thy Sence
 Is nothing chang'd.
- Fall.* Why those were growing flowers,
 And these within my walke are cut and strew'd.
- Deli.* But yet they haue one sent.
- 1640 *Fall.* I, haue they so?
 In your grosse iudgement: if you make no difference
 Betwixt the sent of growing flowers and cut ones,
 You haue a sence to tast Lampe-oyle, yfaith.
 And with such iudgement haue you chang'd the chambers, 1565
- 1645 Leauing no roome that I can ioy to be in
 In all your house: and now my Walke and all
 You smoake me from, as if I were a Foxe,
 And long belike to driue me quite away:
 Well walke you there, and Ile walke where I list.
- 1650 *Deli.* What shall I doo? oh I shall neuer please her.
Ma. Out on thee dotard, what starre rulde his birth?
 That brought him such a Starre? blind Fortune still
 Bestowes her gifts on such as cannot vse them:
 How long shall I liue, ere I be so happie,
 1655 To haue a wife of this exceeding Forme?
- Deli.* Away with them, would I had broke a ioynt,
 When I deuis'd this that should so dislike her,
 Away, beare all away. *Fido beare all away.*
- Fall.* I doo: for feare
- 1660 Ought that is there should like her. O this man
 How cunningly he can conceale himselfe,

As though he lou'd? lou'd? nay honour'd and ador'd?

1582

Deli. Why, my sweete heart?

Fall. Sweete-heart? oh, better still:

1665 And asking why? wherefore? and looking strangely,

As if he were as white as innocence.

Alas, you're simple, you: you cannot change,

Looke pale at pleasure, and then red with Wonder:

No, no, not you: I did but cast an amorous eie e'en now

1670 Vpon a paire of Gloues that somewhat likt me,

And straight he noted it, and gaue commaund

All should be tane away.

Deli. Be they my bane then:

What sirah, *Fido*, bring in those Gloues againe

Enter Fido.

1675 You tooke from hence.

Fall. S'body sirra, but do not:

Bring in no Gloues to spite me: If ye doe----

Deli. Ay me, most wretched; how am I misconstru'd?

Mac. O, how she tempts my heart-strings with her eye,

1598

1680 To knit them to her Beauties, or to breake?

What mou'd the heauens, that they could not make

Me such a woman? but a man; a beast,

That haath no blisse like to others. Would to God

(In wreake of my misfortunes) I were turn'd

1685 To some faire water Nymph, that set vpon

The deepest whirlepit of the rau'nous Seas,

My Adamantine eyes might headlong hale

This yron world to me, and drowne it all.

1608

Enter Fungoso in Briskes Sute.

1690

G R E X.

Cord. { Behold, behold, the translated Gallant.

Mit. { O, he is welcome.

Fung. God saue you Brother, and Sister, God saue you sir: 1613

I haue commendations for you out i'the countrey: I (wonder

1695 they take no knowledge of my Sute:) mine Vncle *Sogliardo*

is in towne: Sister, me thinkes you are Melancholly: why are

you so sad? I thinke you tooke me for Maister *Fastidius Briske*

G

(Sister)

[LINGE'S QUARTO]

(Sister) did you not?

Fall. Why should I take you for him?

1618

1700 *Fun.* Nay nothing, I was lately in Maister *Fastidius* his company, and me thinkes we are very like.

Deli. You haue a faire sute Brother, God giue you ioy on't.

Fung. Faith good ynough to ride in Brother, I made it to ride in.

1705 *Fall.* O, now I see the cause of his idle demaund, was his new sute.

Deli. Pray you good brother, try if you can change her mood.

Fung. I warrant you, let mee alone. Ile put her out of her dumps. Sister, how like you my sute?

1710 *Fall.* O you are a gallant in print now Brother.

Fun. Faith, how like you the fashion? it is the last Edition I assure you.

Fall. I cannot but like it to the desert.

Fun. Troth sister, I was faine to borrow these Spurres, I ha' 1715 left my gowne in gage for them, pray you lend me an angell.

Fall. Now beshrow my heart then.

Fung. Good truth Ile pay you againe at my next exhibition: 1634 I had but bare ten pound of my father, and it would not reach to put me wholly into the fashion.

1720 *Fall.* I care not.

Fung. I had Spurres of mine owne before, but they were not Gingers. Monsier *Fastidius* will be here anon sister.

Fall. You iest?

Fun. Neuer lend me penny more (while you liue then) and 1725 that I'de be loth to say, in truth.

Fall. When did you see him?

Fung. Yesterday, I came acquainted with him at Sir *Puntar-uolo's*: nay sweet sister.

Mac. I faine would know of heauen now, why yond foole 1730 Should weare a sute of Sattin? he? that Rooke?

That painted Iay, with such a deale of outside?

What is his inside trow? ha, ha, ha, ha.

Good heauen giue me patience,

A number

A number of these Popeniayes there are,
 1735 Whom if a man conferre, and but examine
 Their inward merit, with such men as want;
 Lord, Lord, what things they are!
Fall. Come, when will you pay me againe now?
Fun. O God Sister.

1740 *Enter Fastidius Briske in a new sute.* *Act.II.Sc.6.*

Mac. Here comes another. *1657*

Fast. Saue you Signior *Deliro*: how doest thou sweet Lady?
 Let me kisse thee.

Fun. How? a new sute? Ay me.

1745 *Deli.* And how does Maister *Fastidius Briske*?

Fast. Faith liue in Court Signior *Deliro*, in grace I thank God,
 both of the Noble Masculine and Feminine. I must speake with
 you in priuate by and by.

Deli. When you please Sir.

1750 *Fall.* Why looke you so pale brother?

Fun. Slid all this money is cast away now.

Maci. I, there's a newer Edition come forth.

1670

Fun. Tis but my hard fortune: wel, Ile haue my sute changde,
 Ile go fetch my Tailor presently, but first Ile deuise a letter to my
 1755 father. Ha'you any pen and inke Sister?

Fall. What would you do withall?

Fun. I would vse it. S'light and it had come but foure dayes
 sooner the Fashion. *Exit.*

Fast. There was a Countesse gaue me her hand to kisse to day
 1760 in the presence: it did me more good by Iesu, then, and yester-
 night sent her Coach twise to my lodging, to intreate me accom-
 pany her, and my sweet mistresse, with some two or three name-
 lesse Ladies more: O, I haue bene grac't by them, beyond all
 aime of affection: this is her garter, my dagger hanges in: and
 1765 they doo so commend and approue my apparell, with my iudici-
 ous wearing of it, it's aboue wonder.

Fall. Indeed sir, tis a most excellent sute, and you doo weare
 it as extraordinary.

Fast. Why Ile tell you now (in good faith) and by this Chaire, 1686
 1770 which (by the grace of God) I entend presently to sit in, I had
 three Sutes in one yeare, made three great Ladies in loue with
 me: I had other three, vndid three Gentlemen in imitation: and
 other three, gat three other Gentlewomen, Widdows of three
 thousand pound a yeare.

1775 *Deli.* Is't possible?

Fast. O beleue it sir; your good Face is the Witch, and your
 Apparell the Spelles, that bring all the pleasures of the world in-
 to their Circle.

Fall. Ah, the sweet Grace of a Courtier!

1780 *Mac.* Well, would my father had left me but a good Face for
 my portion yet; though I had shar'd the vnfortunate Wit that
 goes with it, I had not car'd: I might haue past for somewhat
 in the world then.

Fast. Why, assure you Signior, rich apparell has strange ver- 1698
 1785 tues: it makes him that hath it without meanes, esteemed for an
 excellent Wit: he that enioyes it with meanes, puts the world in
 remembrance of his meanes: it helps the deformities of Na-
 ture, and giues Lustre to her beauties: makes continuall Holi-
 day where it shines: sets the wits of Ladies at worke, that other-
 1790 wise would bee idle: furnisheth your two-shilling Ordinarie:
 takes possession of your Stage at your new Play: and enricheth
 your Oares, as scorning to goe with your Scull.

Mac. Pray you sir, adde this: it giues respect to your fooles,
 makes many Theeues, as many Strumpets, and no fewer
 1795 Bankrups.

Fall. Out, out, vnworthie to speake where he breatheth.

Fast. What's he, Signior?

Deli. A friend of mine, sir.

Fast. By heauen, I wonder at you Cittizens, what kinde of
 1800 Creatures you are?

Deli. Why sir?

Fast. That you can consort your selues with such poore seam-
 rent fellowes.

Fall. He saies true.

Deli. Sir,

1805 *Deli.* Sir I will assure you (how euer you esteeme of him) he's 1717
a man worthy of regard.

Fast. Why? what ha's hee in him of such vertue to be regar-
ded? ha?

Deli. Marry he is a Scholler sir.

1810 *Fast.* Nothing else?

Deli. And he is well trauailde.

Fast. He should get him cloathes; I would cherish those good
parts of trauell in him, and preferre him to some Nobleman of
good place.

1815 *Deli.* Sir, such a benefit should bind me to you for euer (in my
friends right) and I doubt not but his desert shall more than an-
swere my praise.

Fast. Why, and hee had good cloathes, I'd carrie him to the
Court with me to morrow.

1820 *Deli.* He shall not want for those Sir, if Golde and the whole
Cittie will furnish him.

Fast. You say wel sir: faith Signior *Deliro*, I am come to haue
you play the *Alchymist* with me, and chaunge the *Species* of my
land, into that mettall you talke of.

1825 *Deli.* With all my heart sir, what summe will serue you? 1735

Fast. Faith some three or fourescore pound.

Deli. Troth sir, I haue promist to meete a Gentleman this
morning in *Paules*, but vpon my returne I'lle dispatch you.

Fast. Ile accompany you thither.

1830 *Deli.* As you please sir: but I go not thither directly.

Fast. 'Tis no matter, I haue no other designment in hand, and
therefore as good go along.

Deli. I were as good haue a Quartane feauer follow me now,
for I shall ne're be ridde of him: (bring me a Cloake there one)
1835 Still vpon his grace at the Court am I sure to be visited: I was
a beast to giue him any hope. Well, would I were in, that I am
out with him once, and. — Come Signior *Macilente*, I must
conferre with you as we go. Nay deare wife, I beseech thee for-
sake these moodes: looke not like winter thus. Heere take my
1840 keyes, open my counting houses, spread all my wealth before

thee, choose any obiect that delightes thee: If thou wilt eate the spirit of Golde, and drinke dissolu'd Pearle in Wine, tis for thee.

Fall. So Sir.

1752

1845 *Deli.* Nay my sweet wife.

Fall. Good Lord! how you are perfumed in your tearmes and all: pray you leaue vs.

Deli. Come Gentlemen.

Fast. Adue, sweet Ladie.

Exeunt all but Fallace.

1850 *Fall.* I, I, Let thy wordes euer sounde in mine eares, and thy Graces dispearse contentment through all my sences: O, how happie is that Ladie aboue other Ladies, that enioyes so absolute a Gentleman to her Seruant! A Countesse giue him her hand to kisse! ah foolish Countesse; hee's a man woorthie
1855 (if a woman may speake of a mans woorth) to kisse the lips of an Empresse.

Enter Fungoso with his Taylor.

Fun. What's Maister *Fastidius* gone, sister?

1764

Fall. I brother: he has a Face like a *Cherubin*.

1860 *Fun.* Gods me, what luck's this? I haue fetcht my Taylor and all: which way went he sister? can you tell?

Fall. Not I, in good faith: and hee has a bodie like an Angell.

Fun. How long is't since he went?

1865 *Fall.* Why but e'en nowe: did you not meete him? and a Tongue able to rauish any woman in the earth.

Fun. O, for Gods sake (Ile please you for your paines:) but e'en now, say you? Come good sir: S'lid I had forgot it too: Sister, if any bodie aske for mine Vncle *Sogliardo*, they shall ha'
1870 him at the *Heralds* Office yonder by *Paules*.

Exit with his Taylor.

Fall. Well; I will not altogether dispaire: I haue heard of a Citizens wife has bene beloued of a Courtier; and why not I? heigh ho: well, I will into my priuate Chamber, locke the doore
1875 to me, and thinke ouer all his good partes one after another.

Exit.

GREX.

G R E X.

Mit. Well, I doubt this last *Scene* will endure some grievous 1781
Torture.

1880 *Cor.* How? you feare'twil be rackt by some hard Cōstruction?

Mit. Doo not you?

Cord. No in good faith: vnlesse mine eyes coulde light mee
beyond *Sence*, I see no reason why this should be more Liable
to the Racke than the rest: you'le say perhaps the Cittie will
1885 not take it well, that the Merchant is made here to dote so perfectly vpon his wife; and she againe, to be so *Fastidiously* affected, as she is?

Mit. You haue vtter'd my thought sir, indeed.

Cord. Why (by that proportion) the Court might as well
1890 take offence at him wee call the Courtier, and with much more Pretext, by how much the place transcendes and goes before in dignitie and vertue: but can you imagine that anie Noble or true Spirite in the Court (whose Sinewie, and altogether vnaffected graces, verie worthily expresse him a Courtier) will
1895 make any exception at the opening of such an emptie Trunke as this *Briske* is? or thinke his owne worth impeacht by beholding his motley inside?

Mit. No sir, I doo not.

1797

Cord. No more, assure you, will any graue wise Cittizen, or
1900 modest Matron, take the obiect of this Follie in *Deliro* and his Wife; but rather apply it as the foyle to their owne vertues: For that were to affirme, that a man writing of *Nero*, should meane all Emperours: or speaking of *Machiauel*, comprehend all States-men; or in our *Sordido*, all Farmars; and so of the
1905 rest: than which, nothing can bee vtter'de more malicious and absurd. Indeed there are a sort of these narrow-ey'd Decipherers, I confesse, that will extort straunge and abstruse meanings out of anie Subiect, bee it neuer so Conspicuous and innocentlie deliuerd. But to such (where er'e they sit concealed) let them knowe, the Authour defies them, and their writing-table; and hopes, no sōunde or safe iudgement, will infect it selfe with their contagious Comments, whoe
(indeed)

(indeed) come here only to peruert and poison the sence of what they heare, and for nought else.

1915 *Mit.* Stay, what new *Mute* is this that walks so suspiciously? 1811

ACTVS TERTIVS, SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Cavalier Shift, with two Siquisses in his hand.

Cord. O, marry this is one, for whose better Illustration, we 1812
must desire you to presuppose the Stage, the middle Isle in
1920 *Paules*; and that, the West end of it.

Mit. So sir: and what followes?

Cord. Faith a whole volume of Humor, and worthie the vn-clasping.

Mit. As how? what name do you giue him first?

1925 *Cord.* He hath shift of names sir: some call him *Apple Iohn*,
some Signior *Whiffe*, marry his maine standing name is *Cavalier*
Shift: the rest are but as cleane shirts to his *Natures*.

Mit. And what makes he in *Paules* now?

Cor. Troth as you see, for the aduancement of a *Siquis* or two;
1930 wherein he has so varied himselfe, that if any one of them take,
he may hull vp and down i'the Humorous world a little longer.

Mit. It seemes then, he beares a very changing saile?

Cor. O, as the wind sir: here comes more.

Enter Orenge.

Act.III.Sc

1935 *Shift.* This is rare, I haue set vp my bills without discouerie. 1829

Oren. What? Signior *Whiffe*? what fortune has brought you
into these West parts?

Shift. Troth Signior, nothing but your Rheume; I haue bene
taking an ounce of Tabacco hard by heere with a Gentleman,
1940 and I am come to spit priuate in *Paules*. God saue you sir.

Oren. Adue good Signior *Whiffe*.

Enter Cloue.

Cloue. Maister *Apple Iohn*? you are well met: when shall wee
suppe together, and laugh and bee fatte with those good Wen-
ches? ha?

1945 *Shift.* Faith sir, I must now leaue you, vpon a fewe Humors
and occasions: but when you please Sir.

Exit.

Cloue. Fare-

Cloue. Farewell sweet *Apple Iohn*: I wonder there are no more 1840
store of Gallants here?

G R E X.

1950 *Mit.* { What be these two, Signior?
Cor. { Marry a couple sir, that are meere strangers to the
whole scope of our Play; only come to walke a turne
or two i'this *Scene* of *Paules* by chance.

They walke together.

1955 *Oren.* Saue you, good Maister *Cloue*.

Cloue. Sweet Master *Orenge*.

G R E X.

Mit. How? *Cloue*, and *Orenge*?

1960 *Cor.* I, and they are wel met, for 'tis as drie an *Orenge* as euer 1851
grew: nothing but *Salutation*, and *O God sir*, and *It pleases*
you to say so sir; one that can laugh at a iest for company, with a
most plausible, and extemporall grace; and some houre after
in priuate aske you what it was: the other, Monsieur *Cloue*, is
1965 a more spic't youth: he will sit you a whole afternoone
sometimes, in a Book-sellers shop, reading the Greeke, Ita-
lian, and Spanish: when hee vnderstands not a word of ey-
ther: if he had the Tongues to his Sutes, he were an excellent
Linguist.

Cloue. Do you heare this reported for certainty?

1970 *Oreng.* O good sir.

Enter Puntaruolo, Carlo: two seruingmen following, Act.III.Sc.2.
one leading the Dogge.

Punt. Sirrah, take my Cloake: and you sir knaue, follow mee
closer: if thou loosest my Dogge, thou shalt die a Dogs death: I
1975 will hang thee.

Carl. Tut, feare him not, hee's a good leane slaue, hee loues
a Dogge well I warrant him; I see by his looke, I: masse hee's
somewhat like him. Sbloud poyson him, make him away with a
crooked pin, or somewhat man; thou maist haue more securitie
1980 of thy life: and so Sir, what? you ha'not put out your whole ven-
ter yet? ha'you.

Punt. No, I do want yet some fiteene or sixteene hundred
H pounds:

pounds: but my Lady (my wife) is out of her Humor; shee does not now goe.

1985 *Car.* No? how then?

1872

Punt. Marry, I am now enforc't to giue it out, vpon the returne of my selfe, my Dogge, and my Cat.

Car. Your Cat? where is shee?

Punt. My Squire has her there in the Bagge: Sirrah, looke to 1990 her: How lik'st thou my change, *Carlo*?

Car. Oh, for the better sir: your Cat has nine liues, and your wife has but one.

Punt. Besides, shee will neuer be Sea-sicke, which will saue me so much in Conserues: when saw you signior *Sogliardo*?

1995 *Car.* I came from him but now, hee is at the Heraulds Office yonder: he requested me to goe afore, and take vp a man or two for him in *Paules*, against his Cognisance was readie.

Punt. What? has he purchast armes then?

Car. I, and rare ones too: of as many colours, as e're you sawe 2000 any fooles coat in your life. Ile go looke among yond Billes, and I can fit him with Legs to his Armes.

Pun. With Legs to his Armes! Good: I will go with you sir.

They go to looke vpon the Billes.

Enter Fastidius, Deliro, and Macilente.

Act.III

2005 *Fast.* Come, lets walke in the *Mediterraneum*: I assure you sir, I am not the least respected among Ladies: but let that passe: do you know how to goe into the Presence sir?

Mac. Why, on my feete sir.

Fast. No, on your head sir: for tis that must beare you out, I 2010 assure you; as thus sir: You must first haue an especiall care so to weare your Hat, that it oppresse not confusedly this your Predominant or Fore-top: because (when you come at the Presence doore) you may with once or twice stroking vp your Forehead thus, enter with your Predominant perfect: that is, standing vp 2015 stiffe.

Mac. As if one were frightened?

Fnst. I sir.

Mac. Which indeed, a true feare of your Mistresse should doo,

doo, rather than Gumme water, or whites of Egges: is't not so
2020 Sir?

Fast. An ingenious obseruation: giue me leaue to craue your 1906
name sir.

Deli. His name is *Macilente* sir.

Fast. Good Signior *Macilente*; if this Gentleman, Signior
2035 *Deliro*, furnish you as he saies he will with cloathes, I will bring
you to morrow by this time, into the presence of the most Di-
uine and *Acute* Ladie of the Court: you shall see sweet Silent
Rhetorique, and Dumbe Eloquence speaking in her eye: but
when shee speakes her selfe, such an Anotomie of Witte, so
2030 Sinewiz'd and Arteriz'd, that 'tis the goodliest Modell of
pleasure that euer was, to beholde. Oh, she strikes the world
into Admiration of her; (O, O, O) I cannot expresse'hem be-
leeue mee.

Mac. O, your onely Admiration, is your silence, sir.

2035 *Punt.* Fore God *Carlo*, this is good; let's read'hem againe: 1918

*If there be anie Ladie, or Gentlewoman of good carriage, that is de-
sirous to entertaine (to her priuate vses) a young straight, and vpright
Gentleman, of the age of fiae, or sixe and twentie at the most: who can
serue in the nature of a Gentleman Vsher, and hath little legs of pur-
2040 pose, and a blacke Satten Sute of his owne to goe before her in: which
Sute (for the more sweetning) now lies in Lauander: and can hide
his face with her Fan, if need require: or sit in the colde at the staire
foote for her, as well as an other Gentleman: Let her subscribe her
Name and Place, and diligent respect shall be giuen.*

2045 This is aboue measure excellent; ha?

Carl. No this, this: here's a fine slaue.

Punt. If this Citie, or the sub-urbs of the same, doo affoord any young
Gentleman, of the 1. 2. or 3. head, more or lesse, whose friendes are but
lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come to his hands, that
2050 (to be as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are) is
affected to entertaine the most Gentlemanlike vse of Tabacco: as
first, to giue it the most exquisite perfume; then, to know all the dili-
cate sweet formes of the assumption of it: as also the rare Corollary and
practise of the Cuban Ebolution, *EV RIPVS*, and Whiffe; which he

2055 *shall receiue or take in here at London, and euaporate at Vxbridge, or
farder, if it please him. If there be any such generous spirit, that is truly
enamour'd of these good faculties: May it please him, but (by a note
of his hand) to specifie the place, or Ordinary where he uses to eat and
lie, and most sweet attendance with Tabacco and Pipes of the best sort*
2060 *shall be ministred: STET QVÆSO CANDIDE LEC-
TOR. Why this is without Paralel, this!*

Carlo. Well, I'll marke this fellowe for Sogliardo's vse pre- 1946
sently.

Put. Or rather, Sogliardo for his vse.

2065 *Carlo.* Faith either of 'hem will serue, they are both good
Properties: I'll designe the other a place too, that wee may see
him.

Punt. No better place than the Mitre, that we may be Specta-
tors with you *Carlo*. Soft, behold, who enters here: Signior Sogli-
2070 ardo! God saue you. *Enter Sogliardo.* Act.III.

Sog. Saue you good sir *Puntaruolo*; your Dogge's in health sir
I see: how now *Carlo*?

Car. We haue ta'ne simple paines to choose you out followers
here.

2075 *Punt.* Come hither Signior.

They shew him the Bils.

Cloue. Monsieur *Oreng*, yond' Gallants obserue vs; pray thee
let's talke Fustian a litle and gul'hem: make'hem beleue we are
great Schollers.

2080 *Oreng.* O Lord sir.

Cloue. Nay, pr'y thee let's, by Iesu: you haue an excellent ha-
bit in discourse.

Oreng. It pleases you to say so sir.

Cloue. By this Church you ha'la: nay come, begin: *Aristotle*
2085 *in his Dæmonologia approoues Scaliger for the best Nauigator in his
time: and in his Hypercritiques, he reports him to be Hcautontimo-
rumenos: you vnderstand the Greeke sir?*

Oreng. O good sir.

Mac. For societies sake hee does. O here be a couple of fine
2090 tame Parrets.

Cloue. Now

Cloue. Now sir, Whereas the *Ingennitie* of the time, and the 1974
soules *Synderisis* are but *Embrions* in Nature, added to the panch
of *Esquiline*, & the *Inter-uallum* of the *Zodiack*, besides the *Eclip-*
tickeline being *Optick* & not *Mental*, but by the *contemplatiue* and
2095 *Theoricke* part therof, doth demonstrate to vs the *vegetable cir-*
cumference, and the *ventositie* of the *Tropicks*, and wheras our *in-*
tellectuall or *mincing capreall* (according to the *Metaphisicks*) as
you may read in *Plato's Histriomastix*: You conceiue me sir?

Oren. O Lord sir.

2100 Clou. Then comming to the prety *Animal*, as *Reason long since*
is fled to Animals you know, or indeed for the more *modelizing* or
enamelling, or rather *diamondizing* of your *subiect*, you shall per-
ceiue the *Hipothesis* or *Galaxia*, (whereof the *Meteors* long since had
their *Initial inceptions* and *Notions*) to bee meerly *Pithagori-*
2105 *cal*, *Mathematicall*, and *Astronomicall*: for looke you sir, there is
euer a kind of *Concinnitie* and *Species*. Let vs turne to our former
discourse, for they marke vs not.

Fast. Masse, yonders the Knight *Puntaruolo*.

Deli. And my cousin *Sogliardo*, me thinkes.

1990

2110 Mac. I, and his familiar that haunts him, the diuel with a shi-
ning face.

Deli. Let them alone, obserue them not.

Sogliardo, *Punt. Car. walke*.

Sog. Nay I wil haue him, I am resolute for that, by this parch-
2115 ment gentlemen, I haue bene so toylde among the Harrots yon-
der, you wil not beleeeue, they do speak in the strangest language,
and giue a man the hardest termes for his money, that euer you
knew.

Car. But ha'you armes? ha'you armes?

2120 Sog. Yfayth, I thanke God I can write my selfe Gentlemen
now, heeres my Pattent, it cost me thirtie pound by this breath.

Punt. A very faire Coat, well chargde, and full of Armorie.

Sog. Nay, it has as much varietie of colours in it, as you haue
seene a Coat haue, how like you the Crest sir?

2125 Punt. I vnderstand it not well, what is't?

Sog. Marry sir, it is your Bore without a head Rampant.

Punt. A Bore without a head, that's very rare.

2006

Car. I, and Rampant too: troth I commend the Heralds wit, he has deciphered him well: A Swine without a head, without
2130 braine, wit, any thing indeed, Ramping to Gentilitie. You can blazon the rest Signior? can you not?

Sog. O I, I haue it in writing here of purpose, it cost me two shillings the tricking.

Car. Let's heare, let's heare.

2135 *Punt.* It is the most vile, foolish, absurd, palpable, and ridiculous Escutcheon that euer this eye suruisde. Saue you good Monsieur *Fastidius*.

*They salute as they meete
in the Walke.*

Car. Silence good knight: on, on.

Sog. GYRONY of eight pieces, AZVRE and GVLES, between three plates a CHEV'RON engrailed checkey, OR, VERT and ERMINES; on a chiefe ARGENT betweene two ANN'LETS, sables a Bores head PROPER.

Car. How's that? on a chiefe ARGENT?

Sog. On a chiefe ARGENT, a Bores head PROPER be- 2022
2145 tweene two ANN'LETS sables.

Carl. Slud, it's a Hogs Cheeke and Puddings in a Pewter field this.

Sog. How like you them signior?

Pū. Let the world be, Not without
2150 mustard, your Crest is very rare sir.

*Here they shift, Fast. mixes
with Punt. Car. and Sogli.
Deli. and Macilente, Cloue
and Orenge, foure couple.*

Car. A frying pan to the Crest, had no fellow.

Fast. Intreat your poore friend to walke off a little Signior, I will salute the knight.

Car. Come lap't vp, lap't vp.

2155 *Fast.* You are right wel encountred sir, how do's your fair Dog?

Pun. In reasonable state sir, what Cittizen is that you were consorted with? a merchant of any worth?

Fast. 'Tis Signior *Deliro* sir.

Punt. Is it he? Saue you sir.

2160 *Deli.* Good sir *Puntaruolo*.

Salute.

Mac. O what Copie of foole would this place minister to one endew'd with Patience to obserue it?

Car. Nay

Car. Nay looke you sir, now you are a Gentleman, you must 2040
 carry a more exalted presence, chaunge your moode and habite
 2165 to a more austere forme, be exceeding proud, stand vpon your
 Gentilitie, and scorne euery man. Speak nothing humbly, neuer
 discourse vnder a Noble-man, though you neuer sawe him but
 riding to the *Starre-chamber*, it's all one. Loue no man, Trust no
 man, speake ill of no man to his face, nor well of any man behind
 2170 his backe. Salute fairly on the front, and wish'hem hang'd vpon
 the turne. Spread your selfe vpon his bosome publikely, whose
 heart you would eate in priuate. These be principles, thinke on
 'hem, I'le come to you againe presently.

Exit Car. Sogliardo mixes with Punt. and Fast. (ruffe.

2175 *Punt.* Sirah, keep close, yet not so close, thy breath wil thaw my
Sog. O good cousin, I am a little busie, how does my neece, I
 am to walke with a knight here. *Enter Fung. with his Tailor. Act.III.Sc.5.*

Fung. O he is here, looke you sir, that's the Gentleman.

Tail. What he i'the blush colourd Sattin?

2180 *Fung.* I, he sir, thogh his sute blush, he blushes not: looke you,
 that's the sute sir: I would haue mine, such a sute without diffe-
 rence, such stuffe, such a wing, such a sleeue, such a skirt, belly and
 all; therefore, pray you obserue it. Haue you a paire of Tables?

Fast. Why do you see sir? they say I am Phantastical: why true,
 2185 I know it, & I pursue my Humor still in cōtempt of this *censori-*
ous age: S'light & a man should do nothing but what a sort of
 stale iudgements about this towne will approue in him, he were a
 sweet Asse, I'd beg him yfaith: I ne're knew any more find fault
 with a fashion, then they that knew not how to put themselues
 2190 into it: For mine own part, so I please mine owne appetite, I am
 carelesse what the fustie World speakes of me, puh.

Fung. Do you marke how it hangs at the knee there?

Tail. I warrant you sir.

Eung. For Gods sake do, note all: do you see the Coller sir?

2195 *Tail.* Feare nothing, it shall not differ in a stitch sir.

Pun. Pray God it do not: you'le make these linings serue? and
 helpe me for a chapman for the outside, will you?

Tail. I'le do my best sir: you'le put it off presently?

Fung. I

Fung. I, go with me to my chamber you shall haue it, but make
 2200 hast of it, for the loue of Christ, for I'le sit i'my old sute, or else lie
 a bed and read the *Arcadia*, till you haue done.

Exit with Tailor.

Enter Car.

Caol. O, if euer you were strucke with a iest, Gallants, now, 2080
 now. I do vsher the most strange peece of Military Profession,
 2205 that euer was discover'd in *Insula Paulina*.

Fast. Where? where?

Punt. What is he for a Creature?

Carl. A Pimpe, a Pimpe, that I haue obseru'd yonder, the ra-
 rest *Superficies* of a humor: he comes euery morning to emptie
 2210 his lungs in *Pauls* here, and offers vp some fiewe or six *Hecatomb's*
 of faces and sighes, and away againe. Here he comes; nay walke,
 walke, bee not seene to note him, and wee shall haue excellent
 sport.

Enter Shift.

Act.III.

Walkes by, and uses action to his Rapier.

2215 *Punt.* S'lid he vented a sigh e'ne now, I thought he would haue
 blowne vp the church.

Carl. O you shall haue him giue a number of those false fires
 ere he depart.

Fast. See now he is expostulating with his Rapier, Looke,
 2220 Looke.

Carl. Did you euer in your dayes obserue better passion ouer
 a hilt?

Punt. Except it were in the person of a Cutlers boy, or that
 the fellow were nothing but Vapour, I should thinke it impos-
 2225 sible.

Car. See, againe, hee claps his sword o'the head, as who should
 say, Well, go to.

Fast. O violence, I wonder the blade can containe it selfe, be-
 ing so prouokt.

2230 *Carl.* *With that, the moody Squire thumpt his brest,*
And rear'd his eyen to heauen for Reuenge.

Sog. Troth, and you be Gentlemen, Lets make'hem friends,
 and take vp the matter betweene his Rapier and he.

Carl. Nay, if you intend that, you must lay downe the mat-
 ter,

2035 ter, for this Rapier (it seemes) is in the nature of a Hanger on,
and the good Gentleman would happily bee rid of him.

Fast. By my fayth and'tis to bee suspected, I'le aske him. 2111

Mac. O here's rich stuffe, for Christ sake, let vs goe,
A man would wish himselfe a sencelesse pillar,

2240 Rather than view these monstrous prodigies:

Nil habet infelix Paupertas durius in se,

Quam quod Ridiculos homines facit.

Exit, with Deliro.

Fast. Signior.

Shift. At your seruice.

2245 *Fast.* Will you sell your Rapier?

Carl. S'bloud he is turn'd wild vpon the question, he looks
as hee had seene a Serjeant.

Shift. Sell my Rapier? now God blesse me.

Punt. Amen.

2250 *Shift.* You askt mee, if I would sell my Rapier Sir?

Fast. I did indeede.

Shift. Now Lord haue mercie vpon me.

Punt. Amen, I say still.

Shift. S'lud Sir, what should you behold in my face Sir, that
2255 should mooue you (as they say Sir) to aske me Sir, if I would
sell my Rapier?

Fast. Nay (let me pray you Sir) be not moou'd: I protest I 2130
would rather haue beene silent, then any way offensiue, had I
knowne your nature.

2260 *Shift.* Sell my Rapier? Gods lid: Nay Sir (for mine own part)
as I am a man that has seru'd in causes, or so, so I am not apt to
iniurie any Gentleman in the degree of falling foule, but: sell
my Rapier? I wil tel you Sir, I haue seru'd with this foolish Ra-
pier, where some of vs dare not appeare in hast, I name no mā:

2265 but let that passe; Sell my Rapier? Death to my Lungs. This
Rapier Sir, has trauel'd by my side Sir, the best part of France
and the low Countrey: I haue seene *Vlishing*, *Brill*, and the
Haghe with this Rapier, in my Lord of *Leysters* time: and (by
Gods wil) he that should offer to disrapier me now, I would —

2270 Looke y ou sir, you presume to be a Gentleman of good sort,

I

and

[LINGE'S QUARTO]

and so likewise your friends here, If you haue any dispositiō to trauel, for the sight of seruice, or so, One, two, or al of you, I can lend you letters to diuers Officers and Commaunders in the Low Countries, that shal for my cause do you al the good offices that shall pertainē or belong to Gentlemen of your —
 2275 Please you to shewe the Bountie of your mind Sir, to impart some ten groats or halfe a Crown to our vse, til our abilitie be of grow'th to returne it, and wee shall thinke our selfe. — Sbloud sell my Rapier?

2280 *Sog.* I pray you what sayd he Signior? hee's a proper man. 2150

Fast. Marie he tels me, if I please to shew the bountie of my mind, to impart some ten groates to his vse or so.

Punt. Breake his head, and giue it him.

Carl. I thought he had bin playing on the Iewes Trump I.

2285 *Shift.* My Rapier? no sir: my Rapier is my Guard, my Defence, my Reueneue, my Honor: (if you cannot impart, be secret I beseech you) & I wil maintain it, where there is a grain of dust, or a drop of water: (hard is the choise when the valiant must eat their Armes or clem:) Sel my Rapier? no my Deare,
 2290 I will not be deuorc't from thee yet, I haue euer found thee true as steele: & (you cannot impart sir) God saue you Gentlemen: (neuerthesse if you haue a fancie to it sir.)

Fast. Pr'y thee away: is Signior *Deliro* departed?

Carl. Ha'you seene a Pimpe out-face his own' wants better?

2295 *Sog.* I commend him that can dissemble them so well.

Punt. True, and hauing no better a cloak then he has for it 2165
 neither. (Gentlemen.

Fast. Gods precious, what mischieuous lucke is this? adiew

Punt. Whither? in such haste, Monsieur *Fastidius*?

2300 *Fast.* After my Marchant, Signior *Deliro* sir.

Carl. O hinder him not, he may hap lose his Tyde, a good Flounder i'faith. *Exit.*

Oren. Hark you Sig. *Whiffe*, a word with you. (*Oren.* & *Cloue*

Carl. How? Signior *Whiffe*? (*call Shift aside.*

2305 *Oren.* What was the difference betweene that young Gallant that's gone, and you sir?

Shift.

Shift. No difference: he would h'a giu'n me fīue pound for my Rapier, and I refus'd it; that's all. (some termes.

Clou. O, was it no otherwise? we thought you had ben vpon

2310 *Shift.* No other than you saw sir. (Clou.

Clou. Adiew good Master *Apple Iohn*. *Exeūt Oren. &*

Carl. How? *Whiffe*, and *Apple Iohn* too? Hart, what'll you say if this be the *Appendix* or Labell to both yond'Indentures?

Punt. It may be. *Car.* Resolue vs of it *Ianus*, thou that lookst
2315 euery way; or thou *Hercules*, that hast trauail'd all Countries.

Punt. Nay *Carlo*, spend not time in Inuocatiō now; 'tis late.

Car. Signior, here's a Gentlemā desirous of your name sir.

Shift. My name is *Cauallier Shift*: I am knowne sufficiently in this walke sir.

2320 *Car. Shift?* I heard your name varied e'ene now, as I take it.

Shift. True sir, it pleases the world (as I am her excellent *Tabacconist*) to giue me the style of Signior *Whiffe*: as I am a poore Esquire about the towne here, they cal me Master *Apple Iohn*, varietie of good names does well sir.

2325 *Carl.* I, and good parts, to make those good names: out of which I imagine yond' Billes to bee yours.

Shift. Sir, if I should denie the *Scriptures*, I were worthy to bee banisht the middle yle for euer.

Carl. I take your word sir: this gentleman has subscrib'd to
2330 'hē, & is most desirous to become your Pupil; mary you must vse expedition: *Signor Insulso Sogliardo*, this is the Professor.

Sog. In good time sir, nay good sir house your head, do you professe these sleights in Tabacco?

Shift. I doe more then professe sir, & (if you please to be a
2335 practitioner) I will vndertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you shall take it plausibly in any Ordinarie, Theatre, or the Tilt-yard if neede bee; the most popular assembly that is.

Punt. But you cannot bring him to the *Whiffe* so soone?

Shift. Yes as soone sir: he shall receiue the 1, 2, & 3. *Whiffe*,
2340 if it please him, & (vpon the receit) take his horse, drinke his three cups of Canarie, and expose one at Hounslow, a second at Stanes, and a third at Bagshot.

Carl. Baw-waw.

(*Countenance.*

Sog. You wil not serue me sir, wil you? I'le giue you more thã 2215

2345 *Shift.* Pardon mee Sir, I do scorne to serue any man.

Carl. Who? he serue? S'bloud hee keepes High men, & Low men, he? hee has a fayre liuing at Fullam.

Shift. But in the nature of a fellow, I'le bee your follower if you please.

2350 *Sog.* Sir, you shall stay and dine with me, & if we can agree, wee'le not part in haste: I am very bountiful to mē of quality. Where shall wee goe Signior?

Punt. Your Mitre is your best house.

Shift. I can make this dog take as many whiffes as I list, and 2355 hee shall retaine, or refume them at my pleasure.

Punt. By your patience, follow mee fellowes.

Sog. Sir *Puntaruolo.*

Punt. Pardon me, my dog shal not eate in his company for 2230 a Million.

Exit Punt. with his fellowes.

2360 *Carl.* Nay be not you amaz'd, Signior *Whiffe*, what e're that stiff-neckt Gentleman sayes.

Sog. No, for you do not know the Humor of the Dog, as we do: where shal we dine *Carlo*? I would faine goe to one of these Ordinaries, now I am a Gentleman.

2365 *Carl.* So you may, were you neuer at none yet?

Sog. No fayth, but they say, there resorts your most choyse Gallants.

Car. True, and the fashion is, when any stranger comes in amongst 'hem, they all stand vp and stare at him, as hee were 2370 some vnknowne beast brought out of Affricke, but that'll be helpt with a good aduenturous face; you must bee impudent enough, sit downe, and vse no respect: when any thing's propounded aboue your capacitie, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent, they'le thinke you haue trauel'd: 2375 though you argue a whole day in silence thus, and discourse in nothing but laughter, 'twill passe. Onely (now and then) giue fire, discharge a good full Oth, and offer a great Wager, 'twill be admirable.

Sog. I

Sog. I warrāt you, I am resolute, come good Signior, theres 2248
2380 a poore French crowne for your Ordinarie.

Shift. It comes wel, for I had not so much as the least Port-
cullice of coyne before. *Exeunt.*

G R E X.

Mit. I trauell with another obiection Signior, which I feare
2385 wil be enforc'd against the Author, ere I cā be deliuer'd of it.

Cord. What's that sir?

Mit. That the argument of his Comedie might haue bin of
some other nature, as of a Duke to bee in loue with a Coun-
tesse, and that Countesse to be in loue with the Dukes sonne,
2390 and the sonne to loue the Ladies wayting-maide: some such
crosse wooing, with a Clowne to their seruing-man, better
than to bee thus neere and familiarly allied to the time.

Cord. You say wel, but I would faine heare one of these Au-
tumne-iudgemēts define once, *Quidsit Comædia?* if he cānot,
2395 let him content himselfe with *Ciceros* definition (till hee haue
strength to propose to himselfe a better) who would haue a Co-
medie to be *Imitatio vitæ, Speculum Consuetudinis, Imago veri-*
tatis, a thing throughout pleasant & ridiculous, & accommo-
dated to the correction of maners: if the maker haue fail'd in
2400 any particle of this, they may worthily taxe him, but if not,
why; be you (that are for them) silent, as I will be for him; and
giue way to the Actors.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Act.III.Sc.7.

Enter Sordido with a halter about his necke.

2405 Sord. Nay Gods precious, if the weather and the season be
so respectlesse, that Beggars shall liue as well as their betters;
and that my hunger and thirst for riches, shall not make them
hunger and thirst with Pouertie; that my sleeps shall be bro-
ken, and their hearts not broken; that my coffers shal be full,
2410 and yet care; theirs emptie, and yet merrie: Tis time that a
Crosse should beare flesh and bloud, since flesh and bloud
cannot beare this crosse.

G R E X.

Mit. What will hee hang himselfe? 2280
 2415 *Cor.* { Faith I, it seemes his Prognostication has not kept
 { touch with him, and that makes him despaire.

Mit. { Beshrow me, he wil be out of his Humor then indeed.

Sord. Tut, these star-monger knaues, who would trust 'hem?
 one saies, darke and rainy, when 'tis as cleere as Christall; ano-
 2420 ther saies, tempestuous blasts and stormes, and 'twas as calme
 as a Milk-bowle; here be sweet rascals for a man to credit his
 whole fortunes with: You skie-staring Cockscombs you: you
 fat braines, out vpon you; you are good for nothing but to
 sweate night-caps, and make rug-gownes deare: you learned
 2425 men, & haue not a legion of deuils, *a vostre seruice: a vostre ser-*
uice? By heauen I think I shall die a better scholler then they:
 but soft, how now sirrah? *Enter a Hind with a letter.*

Hind. Here's a letter come from your sonne sir.

Sord. From my sonne sir? what would my sonne sir? some
 2430 good newes no doubt. *The letter.*

Sweet & deere father (desiring you first to send me your blessing, 2295
which is more worth to me thā gold or siluer) I desire you likewise to
be aduertised, that this Shrouetide (contrary to custome) we vse al-
waies to haue Reuels; which is indeed dancing, & makes an excellēt
 2435 *shew in truth; especially if we Gentlemen be well attir'd, which our*
Seniors note, & thinke the better of our fathers, the better wee are
maintain'd, & that they shal know if they come vp, & haue any thing
to do in the Law: therfore good father, these are (for your own sake,
as wel as mine) to re-desire you, that you let me not wāt that which
 2440 *is fit for the setting vp of our name in the honorable volume of Gēti-*
 2440 *bility, that I may say to our Columnators with Tullie, EGO SVM*
ORTVS DOMVS MEAE, TV OCCASSVS TVAE.
And thus (not doubting of your fatherly Beneuolence) I humbly ask
you blessing, and pray God to blesse you. Yours, if his owne.

How's this? *Yours, if his own?* is he not my sonne, except he be
 2445 his own sonne? Belike this is some new kinde of subscription
 the Gallants vse. Well, wherefore doest thou stay knaue?
 Away: goe. *Exit Hind.*

Here's

Here's a letter indeed; Reuels? & beneuolence? is this a wea-
 ther to send beneuolence? or is this a season to reuell in? S'lid 2315
 2450 the deuill and all takes part to vexee mee I thinke: this letter
 would neuer haue come now else, now, now, when the sunne
 shines, and the ayre thus cleere. Soule if this hold, wee shall
 shortly haue an excellent crop of corne spring out of the high
 waies, the streets and houses of the towne will be hid with the
 2455 ranknesse of the fruits that grow there, in spight of good Hus-
 bandry. Go to, Ile preuent the sight of it, come as quickly as it
 can, I wil preuent the sight of it. I haue this remedie *Heauen*:
 stay; Ile trie the paine thus a little: O, nothing, nothing. Wel,
 now shall my sonne gaine a beneuolence by my death? or any
 2460 body be the better for my gold, or so forth? No. Aliue I kept it
 from 'hem, and (dead) my ghost shal walke about it, and pre-
 serue it, my sonne and daughter shall sterue ere they touch it,
 I haue hid it as deepe as Hell from the sight of Heauen, and
 to it I goe now. *Fals off.*

2465 *Enter Rustici, 5. or 6. one after another.* *Act.III.Sc.8.*

Rust. 1 Aye me, what pitifull sight is this? helpe, helpe, help.

Rust. 2 How now? what's the matter?

Rust. 1 O here's a man has hang'd himselfe, helpe to get
 him againe.

2470 *Rust. 2* Hang'd himselfe? Slid carry him afore a Iustice, 'tis
chance medley on my word.

Rust. 3 How now, what's here to doe?

Rust. 4. How comes this?

Rust. 2 One has executed himselfe contrary to the order of
 2475 Law, and by my consent hee shall answer't.

Rust. 5 Would he were in case to answere it.

Rust. 1 Stand by, he recouers, giue him breath.

Sord. Oh.

Rust. 5 Masse, 'twas well you went the foote-way neighbor.

2480 *Rust. 1* I, and I had not cut the halter. (done.

Sord. How? cut the halter? Aye mee, I am vndone, I am vn- 2345

Rust. 2 Mary if you had not beene vndone, you had beene
 hang'd I can tell you.

Sord. You

2485 *Sord.* You thredbare hors-bread eating rascals, if you would 2348
needs haue beene medling, could you not haue vntied it, but
you must cut it? and in the midst too? Aye mee.

Rust. 1 Out on mee, 'tis the Caterpillar *Sordido*; how cursed
are the poore, that the viper was blest with this good fortune?

2490 *Rust.* 2 Nay, how accurst art thou, that art cause to the curse
of the poore?

Rust. 3 I, and to saue so wretched a Caytife.

Rust. 4. Curst bee thy fingers that loos'd him.

Rust. 2 Some desperate furie possesse thee, that thou maiest
2495 hang thy selfe too. (monster.

Rust. 5 Neuer maiest thou bee sau'd, that sau'd so damn'd a

Sord. What curses breathe these men, how haue my deeds 2360

Made my lookes differ from another mans,

That they should thus detest, and lothe my life?

2500 Out on my wretched Humor, it is that

Makes mee thus monstrous in true humane eyes.

Pardon me (gentle friends) I'll make faire mends

For my foule errorrs past, and twentie-fold

Restore to all men, what with wrong I rob'd them:

2505 My Barnes and Garners shall stand open still

To all the poore that come, and my best graine

Be made alms-bread, to feed halfe-famisht mouthes.

Though hitherto amongst you I haue liu'd

Like an vnsauorie Muck-hill to my selfe.

2510 Yet now my gather'd heapes being spread abroad,

Shall turne to better, and more fruitfull vses.

Blesse then this man, curse him no more for sauing

My life and soule together. Oh how deeply

The bitter curses of the poore doe piercel

2515 I am by wonder chang'd, come in with mee

And wnesse my repentance: now I proue

„ No life is blest, that is not grac't with Loue. *Exit.*

Rust. 2 O miracle! see when a man has grace.

Rust. 3 Had't not beene pitie so good a man should haue
2520 beene cast away?

Rust. 2 Well

Rust. 2 Well, I'll get our Clarke put his conuersion in the 2384
Chronicle.

Rust. 4 Doe, for I warrant him hee's a vertuous man.

Rust. O God how he wept if you mark't it: did you see how
2525 the teares trill'd?

Rust. 5 Yes beleeeue mee; like masters Vicars bowles vpon
the greene, for all the world.

3 or 4. O neighbour, God's blessing your heart neighbor,
'twas a good gratefull deede. *Exeunt.*

2530

G R E X.

Cord. How now *Mitis*? what's that you consider so seriously? 2394

Mit. Troth, that which doth essentially please me: the war-
ping condition of this greene and soggie multitude: but in
good fayth Signior, your Author hath largely ouer-slipt my
2535 expectation in this Scene, I will liberally confesse it. For whē
I saw *Sordido* so desperately intended, I thought I had had a
hand of him then. (indeede?

Cord. What? you suppos'd hee should haue hung himselfe

Mit. I did; and had fram'd my obiection to it readie, which
2540 may yet be very fitly vrg'd, & with some necessity: for though
his purpos'd violence lost th'effect, & extended not to death,
yet the Intent and Horror of the object, was more then the
nature of a Comedie will in any sort allow.

Cord. I? what thinke you of *Plautus*, in his Comedie called
2545 *Cistellaria* there? where hee brings in *Alcesimarchus* with a
drawne sword, readie to kill himselfe, and as he is e'ne fixing
his breast vpon it, to be restrain'd from his resolu'd out-rage
by *Sileninm* and the Bawd: is not his authoritie of power to
giue our Scene approbation?

2550 *Mit.* Sir, I haue this (your only) euasion left mee, to say, *I*
thinke it bee so indeede, your memorie is happier than mine: but I
wonder what engine hee wil vse to bring the rest out of their
Humors.

Cord. That will appeare anon, neuer preoccupie your ima-
2555 gination withall. Let your mind keepe companie with the

K

Scene

Scene stil, which now remoues it selfe from the Countrey to the Court. Here comes *Macilente* and Signior *Briske* freshly suted, loose not your selfe, for now the *Epitasis* or busie part of our Subject is in Action.

2560

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Macilente, Briske, Cinedo, with Tabacco.

Fast. Well now Signior *Macilente*, you are not onely wel- *Act.III.S*
come to the Court, but also to my mistris with drawing chā-
ber: Boy, get me some *Tabacco*, Ile but goe in, and shew I am
2565 here, and come to you presently sir. *Exit.*

Mac. What's that hee sayd? by heauen I markt him not,
My thoughts and I were of another world;
I was admiring mine owne onside here,
To thinke what priuiledge and palme it beares
2570 Here in the court: Be a man ne're so vile
In wit, in judgement, in manners, or what else;
If hee can purchase but a Silken couer,
He shall not onely passe, but passe regarded:
Whereas let him be poore and meanely clad,
2575 Though ne're so richly parted; you shall haue
A fellow (that knowes nothing but his Beefe
Or how to rince his clammie guts in beere)
Will take him by the shoulders or the throate,
And kicke him downe the staires. Such is the state
2580 Of vertue in bad cloths, ha, ha, ha, ha,
That Rayment should be in such high request?
How long shoud I be e're I should put off
To my Lord *Chancelors* tombe, or the *Shriues* posts?
By heauen (I thinke) a thousand thousand yeere.
2585 His Grauitie, his wisdom, and his fayth,
To my dread Soueraigne (graces that suruiue him)
These I could well endure to reuerence,
But not his tombe, no more than Ile commend
The Chappell Organ for the guilt without,
2590 Or this base Violl for the varnisht face.

Enter Fast.

Fast. In faith I haue made you stay somewhat long sir; but is
my

2435

my *Tabacco* ready boy?

Cine. I sir.

Fast. Giue me, my mistresse is vpon comming, you shall see 2453
2595 her presently sir, (*Tab.*) you'le say you neuer accosted a more
piercing wit. This *Tabacco* is not dried Boy, or else the Pipe's
defectiue. Oh, your wits of Italy are nothing comparable to
her, her braine's a very quiuer of iests, and she do's dart them
abroad with that sweete loose and judiciall aime, that you
2600 would—here she comes sir.

Enter Sauiolina, and goes in againe.

Mac. 'Twas time, his inuention had beene bogd else.

Sau. Giue mee my fanne there.

Mac. How now Monsieur *Briske*?

2605 *Fast.* A kind of affectionate reuerence strikes me with a cold
shiuering (me thinkes)

Mac. I like such tempers well, as stand before their Mis-
tresses with feare and trembling, and before their Maker like
impudent mountaines.

2610 *Fast.* By Iesu, I'd spend twentie pound my vauing Horse
stood here now, she might see me doe but one tricke.

Mac. Why, do's she loue actiuitie?

2468

Cine. Or if you had but your long stockings on, to be dan-
cing a Galliard, as she comes by.

2615 *Fast.* I either. O these stirring humors make Ladies madde
with desire: she comes. My good *Genius* embolden me. Boy
the Pipe quickly.

Enter Sauiolina.

Mac. What? will he giue her musicke?

Fast. A second good morrow to my faire mistresse.

2620 *Sau.* Faire seruant, Ile thanke you a day hence, when the
date of your salutation comes forth.

Fast. How like you that answere? is't not admirable? (sir.

Mac. I were a simple Courtier, if I could not admire trifles.

Fast. Troth sweet Lady, I shal (*Tab.*) be prepar'd to giue you
2625 thanks for those thanks, and (*Tab.*) study more officious and
obsequious regards (*Tab.*) to your faire beauties: (*Tab.*) mend
the pipe boy.

Mac. I ne're knew *Tabacco* taken as a *parenthesis* before. 2482

Fast. Fore God (sweet Ladie) beleeeue it, I doe honour the
2630 meanest rush in this chamber for your loue.

Sau. I, you need not tell me that sir, I do think you do prize
a rush before my loue.

Mac. Is this the wonder of nations?

Fast. O, by Iesu pardon me, I said for your loue, by this light;
2635 but it is the accustomed sharpnesse of your Ingenuitie sweete
Mistresse to—Masse your Violl's new strung me thinkes.

Takes downe the Violl.

Mac. *Ingenuitie*; I see his ignorance will not suffer him to
slander her; which hee had done most notably, if he had sayd
2640 *Wit* for *Ingenuitie*, as he meant it.

Fast. By the soule of Musicke Ladie (*hum, hum*)

Sau. Would wee might heare it once.

Fast. I doe more adore and admire your (*hum, hum*) predo-
minate perfections, than (*hum, hum*) euer I shall haue power
2645 and facultie to expresse (*hum.*)

Sau. Vpon the Violl *de Gambo* you meane?

Fast. It's miserably out of tune, by this hand.

2500

Sau. Nay, rather by the fingers.

Mac. It makes good *Harmonie* with her wit.

2650 *Fast.* Sweete Ladie tune it. Boy, some *Tabacco*.

Mac. *Tabacco* againe? he do's court his mistresse with very
exceeding good changes.

Fast. Signior *Macilente*, you take none sir? (*Tab.*)

Mac. No, vnlesse I had a mistresse Signior, it were a great
2655 *Indecorum* for mee to take *Tabacco*.

Fast. How like you her wit? (*Tab.*)

Mac. Her *Ingenuitie* is excellent sir.

Fast. You see the subject of her sweete fingers there? (*Tab.*)

Oh shee tickles it so, that (*Tab.*) shee makes it laugh most
2660 Diuinely, (*Tab.*) Ile tell you a good jest now, and your selfe
shall say i'ts a good one: I haue wisht my selfe to be that In-
strument (I thinke) a thousand times, and not so few, by Hea-
uens (*Tab.*)

Maci. Not

Maci. Not vnlike sir: but how? to be cas'd vp and hung by 2516
2665 on the wall?

Fast. O, no sir, to bee in vse I assure you; as your judicious
eyes may testifie. (*Tab.*)

Sau. Here seruant, if you will play, come.

Fast. Instantly, sweete Ladie (*Tab.*) In good fayth here's
2670 most Diuine *Tabacco*.

Sau. Nay, I cannot stay, to Daunce after your Pipe.

Fast. Good, my deere Ladie stay: by this sweete Smoke, I
thinke your wit bee all fire. (*Tab.*)

Mac. And hee's the *Salamander* that liues by it.

2675 *Sau.* Is your *Tabacco* perfum'd sir, that you sweare by the
sweete Smoke.

Fast. Still more excellent: before God, and these bright
Heauens, I thinke (*Tab.*) you are made of *Ingenuitie*, I. (*Tab.*)

Maci. True, as your discourse is: O abhominable!

2531

2680 *Fast.* Will your Ladship take any?

Sau. O, peace I pray you; I loue not the breath of a *Wood-*

Fast. Meaning my head, Ladie? (*cocks head.*)

Sau. Not altogether so sir; but (as it were Fatal to their fol-
lies, that thinke to grace themselues with taking *Tabacco*,
2685 when they want better entertainment) you see your Pipe
beares the true forme of a *Woodcockes* head.

O Admirable *Simile*!

Sau. 'Tis best leauing you in Admiration, sir.

Exit Sauiolina.

2690 *Mac.* Are these the admired Ladi-wits, that hauing so good
a Plaine-song, can run no better Diuision vpon it. S'heart,
all her jests are of the stampe *March* was fiteene yeres agoe.
Is this the *Comet* Monsieur *Fastidius*, that your Gallants won-
der at so?

2695 *Fast.* Heart of a Gentleman to neglect mee afore presence 2546
thus: Sweet Sir, I beseech you be silent in my disgrace; By Ie-
su, I neuer was in so vile a Humor in my life, and her wit was
at the floud too: Report it not for a million good sir; let me be
so farre endear'd to your loue.

Exeunt.

2700

G R E X.

Mit. What followes next, Signior *Cordatus*? this Gallants 255r
Humor is almost spent me thinks, it ebbes apace, with this
contrarie breath of his mistresse.

Cord. O, but it will flow againe for all this, till there come a
2705 generall drought of Humor among all our Actors, and then I
feare not, but his will fall as low as any. See who presents him-
selfe here?

Mit. What, i'the old case?

Cord. Ifaith, which makes it the more pitifull; you vnder-
2710 stand where the Scene is?

ACTVS QVARTVS, SCENA PRIMA. *Act.IV.*

Enter Fungoso, Fallace following him.

Fall. Why are you so Melancholy brother?

Fun. I am not melancholy, I thanke you sister.

2715 *Fall.* Why are you not merie then? there are but two of vs
in the world, and if wee should not bee comforts to one ano-
ther, God helpe vs.

Fun. Faith, I cannot tell sister, but if a man had any true me-
lancholy in him, it would make him melancholy, to see his
2720 yeomanly father cut his neighbours throats to make his sonne
a Gentleman: and yet when hee has cut'hem, he will see his
sonnes throat cut too, e're he make him a true Gentleman in-
deed, before death cut is own throat. I must be the first Head
of our house, and yet hee will not giue me the head, till I bee
2725 made so. Is any man term'd a Gentleman, that is not alwaies
i'the fashion? I would know but that.

Fall. If you bee melancholy for that, brother, I think I haue
as much cause to bee melancholy, as one; for I'll be sworne I
liue as little in the fashiō, as any woman in *London*. By the Bi-
2730 ble of heauen (beast that I am to say it) I haue not one friend
i'the world besides my husband. When saw you Master *Fasti-
dius Briske*, Brother?

Fun. But a while since sister, I thinke, I know not well in
truth. By Gods lid I could fight, with all my heart, me thinks.

Fall. Nay

2735 *Fall.* Nay good Brother, be not resolute.

Fun. I sent him a letter, and he writes me no answer neither.

Fall. Oh sweete *Fastidius Briske*, O fine *Courtier*, thou art he
makst me sigh & say, How blessed is that woman that hath a
Courtier to her husband? & how miserable a dame she is that
2740 hath neither husband nor friend in the *Court*? O sweet *Fastidius*,
O fine *Courtier*. How comely hee bowes him in his courtesie?
how ful he hits a womā betwixt the lips whē he kisses? how vp-
right he sits at the table? how daintily he carues? how sweet-
ly he talks, and tels newes of this Lord, and of that Lady? how
2745 cleanly hee wipes his spoone at euery spoonfull of any whit-
meate hee eates, and what a neate case of pick-toothes he car-
ries about him still? O sweete *Fastidius*, O fine *Courtier*.

Enter Deliro with Musicians.

Act. IV. Sc. 2.

Deli. See, yonder she is Gentlemē, now (as euer you'le beare
2750 the name of *Musicians*) touch your instruments sweetly, she has
a delicate eare, I tell you, play not a false note I beseech you.

Music. Feare not, Signior *Deliro*.

Deli. O begin, begin some sprightly thing; Lord, howe my
imagination labours with the successe of it: well sayd, good
2755 yfaith, heauen graunt it please her: I'le not bee seene, for then
shee'le be sure to dislike it.

Fall. Heyda, this is excellent: I'le lay my life this is my hus-
bands dotage. I thought so, nay neuer play peeke-boe with
me, I know you doe nothing but studie how to anger mee sir.

2760 *Deli.* Anger thee, sweete wife? why, didst thou not send for
Musicians to supper last night thy selfe?

Fall. To supper Sir? now come vp to supper I beseech you:
as though there were no difference betweene Supper time
when folks should be merrie, and this time, when they would
2765 be Melancholy? I would neuer take vpon me to take a wife,
if I had no more Indgement to please her.

Deli. Be pleas'd sweet wife, & they shal ha' done: & would
to Christ my life were done, if I can neuer please thee.

Exit Musicians.

Enter Macilente.

Maci. God

2770 *Maci.* God saue you Ladie; where is Master *Deliro*? 2615

Deli. Here, Master *Macilente*: you'r welcome frō the Court
Sir; no doubt you haue beene grac't exceedingly of Master
Brisks Mistresse, and the rest of the Ladies for his sake?

Mac. Alas, the poore *Phantasticke*, hee's scarce knowne

2775 To any Lady there: and those that know him,

Know him the simplest man of all they know:

Deride, and play vpon his amorous Humors,

Though hee but Apishly doth imitate

The Gallans't Courtiers, kissing Ladies Pumps,

2780 Holding the Cloth for them, praying their Wits,

And seruily obseruing euery one,

May doe them pleasure: Fearefull to bee seene

With any man (though hee bee ne're so worthy)

That's not in grace with some that are the greatest.

2785 Thus Courtiers doe, and these hee counterfeits,

But sets not such a sightly carriage

Vpon their vanities, as they themselues;

And therefore they despise him: for indeed

Hee's like a *Zani* to a Tumbler,

2790 That tries trickes after him, to make men laugh.

Fall. Here's an vnthankful spitefull wretch: the good Gen- 2636
tleman vouchsaft to make him his companion (because my
husband put him into a few Rags) and now see how the vn-
rude Rascall back-bites him.

2795 *Deli.* Is he no more grac't amongst 'hem then? say you?

Mac. Faith like a pawne at *Chesse*, fils vp a roume, that's all.

Fall. O monster of men! can the Earth beare such an enui-
ous Caytiffe?

Deli. Well, I repent me I e're credited him so much: but
2800 (now I see what he is, & that his masking vizor is off) I'll for-
beare him no longer, al his lands are morgag'd to me, and for-
feited: besides, I haue bonds of his in my hand for the receipt of
now xx pound, now xxx, now xxv: still as he has had a Fanne
but wagg'd at him, he would be in a new Sute. Wel, I'll salute
2805 him by a *Sergeāt*, the next time I see him yfaith, I'll Suit him.

Maci.

Mac. Why, you may soone see him sir, for he is to meet Sig- 2650
nior *Puntarvolo* at a *Notaries* by the *Exchange* presently, where
he meanes to take vp vpon returne.

Fall. Now out vpon thee *Iudas*; canst thou not bee content to
2810 backe-bite thy friend, but thou wilt betray him? wilt thou seeke
the vndoing of any man? and of such a man too? and will you
sir get your liuing by the counsell of Traitors?

Deli. Deere wife haue patience.

Fall. The house will fall, the ground will open, & swallow vs:
2815 Ile not bide here for all the gold and siluer in Heauen. *Exit.*

Deli. O good *Macilente* let's follow and appease her, or the
Peace of my life is at an end. *Exit.*

Maci. Now *Pease*, and not *Peace* feede that life, whose head
hangs so heauily ouer a womans Manger. *Exit.*

2820 *Enter Fallace running, at another doore, and claps it to.*

Fall. Helpe me, brother: Gods body and you come here, I'le 2664
doe my selfe a mischief.

Deli. Nay, heare me sweet wife, vnlesse thou wilt haue me goe,
I will not go. *Within.*

2825 *Fall.* Tut, you shall n'ere ha' that vantage of mee, to say you
are vndone by mee: I'le not bid you stay, I. Brother, sweete bro-
ther, here's foure Angels, I'le giue you toward your Sute; for
the loue of Iesu, and as euer you came of Christen creature,
make haste to the water side (you know where Master *Fastidius*
2830 vses to land) and giue him warning of my husbands intent; and
tell him of that leane Rascals trecherie: O Iesu, how my flesh
rises at him? nay, sweete brother make haste, you may say I
would haue writ to him, but that the necessitie of the time
would not suffer it: He cannot choose but take it extraordina-
2835 rily from mee: and Commend mee to him good brother: say I
sent you. *Exit.*

Fung. Let mee see; these foure Angels: and then fortie shil-
lings more I can borrow on my gowne in Fetter-lane: well, I
will goe presently, say on my Sute, pay as much money as I
2840 haue, and sweare my selfe into Credit with my Taylor for the
rest. *Exit.*

L

SCENA

[LINGE'S QUARTO]

SCENA SECVNDA.

*Enter Deliro with Macilente, speaking as they passe
ouer the Stage.*

2845 *Deli.* O, on my soule you wrong her, *Macilente*, 2682
Though she be froward, yet I know shee is honest.

Mac. Well, then haue I no iudgement; would any woman
(but one that were wild in her affections) haue broke out into
that immodest and violent Passion against her husband? or is't
2850 possible—

Deli. If you loue me, forbear; all the Arguments i'the world
shall neuer wrest my heart to beleue it. *Exeunt.*

G R E X.

Cord. How like you the Deciphering of his Dotage?
2855 *Mit.* O, strangely; and of the others enuie too, that labours
so seriously to set debate betwixt a man and his wife. Stay, here
comes the Knight Aduenturer.

Cord. I, and his *Scriuener* with him.

SCENA TERTIA.

Act.IV

2860 *Enter Puntarvolo, Notarie, with Seruingmen.*

Punt. I wonder Monsieur *Fastidius* comes not! but *Notarie*,
if thou please to draw the Indentures the while, I will giue thee
the *Theorie*.

Not. With all my heart sir; and i'le fall in hand with 'hem
2865 presently.

Punt. Well then, first; the *Summe* is to bee vnderstood.

Not. Good, sir.

Punt. Next, our seuerall *Appellations*, and *Character* of my
Dogge and Cat must bee knowne: shew him the Cat Sirrah.

2870 *Not.* So sir.

Punt. Then, that the intended *Point*, is the Turks Court in
Constantinople: the Time limited for our returne, a yeere: and
that if either of vs miscarrie, the whole Venter is lost. These are
Generall; conceiu'st thou? or if either of vs turne *Turque*.

2875 *Not.* I sir.

Punt. Now for Particulars: that I may make my trauailes by
Sea

Sea or Land for my best liking: and that (hiring a Coach for my selfe) it shall be lawfull for my Cat and Dog to ride with me in the sayd Coach.

2880 *Not.* Very good Sir.

Punt. That I may choose to giue my Dogge or Cat Fish, for 2716 feare of bones, or any other Nutriment, that (by the iudgement of the most Autentical Phisicians where I trauaile) shal be thought dangerous.

2885 *Not.* Well sir.

Pun. That (after the receit of his mony) he shal neither in his owne person, or any other, either by direct, or indirect meanes; as *Magicke*, *witchcraft*, or other such *Exotick* Arts, attempt, practise, or complot any thing, to the preiudice of Mee, my Dogge, 2890 or my Cat: Neither shall I vse the helpe of any such Sorceries or Enchantments; as Vnctions to make our skins impenetrable, or to trauaile inuisible, by vertue of a Powder, or a Ring, or to hang any three forked charme about my Dogs necke, secretly conuey'd into his Collar: vnderstand you? but that all bee 2895 performed, sincerely, without fraud or imposture.

Not. So sir.

Punt. That (for testimonie of the performance) my selfe am to bring thence a Turks *Mustachio*, my Dog a Hares lip, and my Cat, the traine or taile of a Rat.

2900 *Not.* 'Tis done sir.

Pun. 'Tis said sir, not done sir; but forward. That vpon my re- 2735 turne and landing on the Tower wharfe, with the aforesaid Testimonie, I am to receiue fiue for one, according to the proportion of the summes put forth.

2905 *Not.* Well sir.

Punt. Prouided, that if before our departure or setting forth, either my selfe, or these be visited with sicknesse, or any other casuall euent, so that the whole course of the *Aduenture* bee hindred thereby; that then, Hee is to returne, and I am to 2910 receiue the prenominated Proportion, vpon fayre and equall termes.

Not. Very good sir; is this all?

Punt. It is all sir; and dispatch them good *Notarie*.

2746

Not. As fast as is possible sir. *Exit.* *Enter Carlo.*

2915 *Punt.* O *Carlo*, welcome: saw you Mounsier *Briske*?

Carl. Not I, did hee appoynt you to meete here?

Punt. I, and I muse hee should bee so tardie: hee is to take an hundred pounds of me in venture, if he maintaine his promise.

Carl. Is his houre past?

2920 *Punt.* Not yet, but it comes on apace.

Carl. Tut, be not iealous of him; hee will sooner breake all the tenne Commandements, than his Houre; vpon my life in such a case trust him.

Punt. Mee thinkes *Carlo*, you looke very smoothe: ha?

2925 *Carl.* Why, I come but now from a Hot-house, I must needes looke smoothe.

Punt. From a Hot-house?

Carl. I, do you make a wonder on't, why it's your onely *Phisicke*. Let a man sweate once a weeke in a Hot-house, and be wel
2930 rubd and froted with a good plumpe iuicie wench, and sweete Linnen, hee shall n'ere ha' the Poxe.

Punt. What? the *French* Poxe?

Carl. The *French* Poxe! our Poxe: S'bloud we haue 'hem in
as good forme as they man: what? 2765

2935 *Punt.* Let me perish, but thou art a Villaine: was your new created Gallant there with you? *Sogliardo*?

Carl. O *Porpuse*, hang him, no: hee's a Lieger at *Hornes* Ordinarie yonder: his villanous *Ganimede* and hee ha' bin droning a *Tabacco* Pipe there, euer sin' yester-day noone.

2940 *Punt.* Who? Signior *Tripartite*, that would giue my Dogge the *Whiffe*?

Carl. I, he: they haue hir'd a chamber and all priuate to practise in, for the making of the *Patoun*, the *Receit Reciprocall*, and a number of other mysteries, not yet extant. I brought some do-
2945 sen or twentie Gallants this morning to view 'hem, (as you'd doe a piece of *Persfectiue*) in at a key-hole; and there we might see *Sogliardo* sit in a Chaire, holding his snowt vp, like a Sow vnder an Apple tree, while th'other open'd his nostrilles with a
Poking-

Poking-sticke, to giue the smoke a more free deliuerie. They
2950 had spit some three or fourescore ounces betweene 'hem, afore
we came away.

Punt. How! spit three or fourescore ounces?

2783

Carl. I, and preseru'd it in porrengers, as a Barber does his
Blood, when hee pricks a veine. (friend?

2955 Punt. Out *Pagan*; how dost thou pricke the Vaine of thy

Carl. Friend? Is there any such foolish thing i'the world?
ha? S'lid I ne're relisht it yet.

Punt. Thy Humor is the more dangerous.

Carl. No not a whit Signior: Tut, a man must keepe time in
2960 all: I can oyle my tongue when I meete him next, and looke
with a good slicke forehead; 'twill take away all soyle of *Suspi-*
cion, and that's inough: what *Lynceus* can see my heart? Pish, the
title of a *Friend*, it's a vaine idle thing, onely venerable among
fooles: you shall not haue one that has any opinion of wit, affect
2965 it.

Enter *Deliro* and *Macilente*.

Act.IV.Sc.4.

Deli. Saue you good sir *Puntarvolo*.

Punt. Signior *Deliro*! welcome.

Deli. Pray you sir, did you see master *Fastidius Briske*? I heard
he was to meete your Worship here.

2970 Punt. You heard no Figment sir, I doe expect him euery mi-
nute my Watch strikes.

Deli. In good time sir.

Carl. There's a fellow now, lookes like one of the *Patricians* of
Sparta, mary his wits after ten i'the hundred. A good Bloud-
2975 hound, a close mouth'd Dog, hee followes the sent well, marrie
hee's at a fault now me thinks.

Punt. I should wonder at that creature is free from the dan-
ger of thy tongue.

Carl. O I cannot abide these limmes of *Sattin*, or rather *Sa-*
2980 *than* indeed, that'll walke (like the children of darknesse) all
day in a melancholy shop, with their pockets full of Blankes,
readie to swallow vp as many poore vnthrifts, as come within
the verge.

Punt. So: and what hast thou for him that is with him now?

Carl. O

2985 *Car.* O (Damne mee) *Immortalitie*, Ile not meddle with him, 2816
the pure *Element of Fire*, all *Spirit*, *Extraction*.

Punt. How *Carlo*? ha, what is hee man?

Carl. A scholler, *Macilente*, doe you not know him? a lanke
raw-bon'd *Anatomie*, he walks vp and down like a charg'd mus-
2990 ket, no man dares encounter him: that's his Rest there.

Punt. His Rest? why has he a forked head?

Carl. Pardon me, that's to bee suspended, you are too quicke,
too apprehensiue.

Deli. Troth (now I thinkt on't) Ile defer it til some other time.

2995 *Maci.* Gods precious, not by any meanes Signior, you shall
not lose this opportunitie, hee will be here presently now.

Deli. Yes faith *Macilente*, 'tis best. For looke you sir, I shall so
exceedingly offendmy wife in't, that——

Mac. Your wife? now for shame loose these thoughts, and
3000 become the master of your own spirits. Should I (if I had a wife)
suffer my self to be thus passionatly caried (too & fro) with the
streame of her Humor? and neglect my deepest affaires, to serue
her affections? Sbloud I would geld my selfe first.

Deli. O but Signior, had you such a wife as mine is, you wold-- 2835

3005 *Mac.* Such a wife? Now God hate mee sir, if euer I discern'd
any wonder in your wife yet, with all the speculation I haue: I
haue seen some that ha' bin thought fairer thā she, in my time;
and I haue seen those ha' not beene altogether so tall, esteem'd
proper women; and I haue seen lesse Noses grow vpon sweeter
3010 Faces, that haue done very well too in my iudgement: but in
good faith Signior for all this, the Gentlewoman is a good pre-
tie prowd hard-fauour'd thing, mary not so peerelesse to be do-
ted vpon, I must confesse: nay, bee not angrie.

Deli. Well sir, (how euer you please to forget your selfe) I
3015 haue not deseru'd to bee thus play'd vpon, but henceforth, pray
you forbear my house, for I can but faintly endure the sauor of
his breath at my table, that shall thus jade me for my courtesies.

Mac. Nay then Signior, let mee tell you, your wife is no pro-
per woman by *Iesu*, and I suspect her honestie, that's more,
3020 which you may likewise suspect (if you please:) doe you see? Ile

vrge

vrge you to nothing against your appetite, but if you please,
you may suspect it.

Deli. Good sir.

Exit.

2852

Mac. Good sir? Now Horne vpon Horne pursue thee, thou
3025 blind egregious Dotard.

Carl. O you shall heare him speake like Enuie. Signior *Maci-lente*, you saw Monsieur *Briske* lately? I heard you were with him at the Court.

Maci. I *Buffone*, I was with him.

3030 *Carl.* And how is hee respected there? (I know youle deale ingeniously with us?) is he made of amongst the sweeter sort of Gallants?

Mac. Faith I, his *Ciuet* and his *casting glasse*,
Haue helpt him to a place amongst the rest,
3035 And there his *Seniors* giue him good sleight lookes,
After their Garbe, smile, and salute in French
With some new complement.

Carl. What is this all?

Mac. Why say, that they should shew the frothie foole,
3040 Such grace as they pretend comes from the heart,
He had a mightie wind-fall out of doubt.
Why all their *Graces* are not to doe Grace
To vertue, or desert: but to ride both
With their guilt spurres quite breathlesse from themselues.

3045 'Tis now esteem'd *Precisianisme* in wit;
And a Diseasure in *Nature* to be kind
Toward Desert, to Loue, or seeke good Names:
Who feedes with a Good name? who thriues with longing?
Who can prouide feast for his owne desires,

3050 With seruing others? ha, ha, ha:
'Tis folly by our wisest worldlings prou'd
(If not to gaine by loue) to bee belou'd.

Carl. How like you him, is't not a good spightfull slaue? ha?

Punt. Shrewd, shrewd. (villain.

3055 *Car.* Damne me, I could eate his flesh now: Diuine sweet

Mac. Nay, pr'y thee leaue: what's he there?

Carl. Who?

Carl. Who? this i'the starcht Beard? it's the dull stiffe 2885
Knight *Puntarvolo* man; hee's to trauaile now presently: he has
a good knottie wit, marry hee carries little on't out of the land
3060 with him.

Mac. How then?

Carl. He puts it forth in venture, as he does his money; vpon
the returne of a Dog and Cat.

Mac. Is this hee?

3065 *Carl.* I, this is hee; a good tough Gentleman: hee lookes like
a chine of Brawne at *Shrouetide*, out of date, & ready to take his
leau: or a drie Poule of Ling vpon *Easter-eue*, that has furnisht
the table all Lent, as he has done the Citie this last *Vacation*.

Mac. Come, you'le neuer leau: your stabbing *Simile's*: I shall
3070 ha' you aiming at mee with 'hem by and by, but—

Carl. O renounce mee then: pure, honest, good *Deuill*, I loue
thee aboue the loue of women: I could e'ne melt in Admirati-
on of thee now: Gods so', looke here man; Sir *Dagonet* and his
Esquire.

Enter Sog. and Shift.

Act.IV.5

3075 *Sog.* Saue you my deere *Gallanto's*: nay, come approach,
good *Cauallier*: pr'y thee (sweet knight) know this Gentleman,
hee's one that it pleases mee to vse as my good friend & compa-
nion; and therefore doe him good offices: I beseech you Gen-
tles, know him.

3080 *Punt.* Sir (for Signior *Sogliardo's* sake) let it suffice, I know you.

Sog. Why by Iesu, I thanke you knight, and it shall suffice.
Hearke you sir *Puntaruolo*, you'd little thinke it; hee's as reso-
lute a peece of flesh as any's i'the world.

Punt. Indeede sir?

3085 *Sog.* Vpon my Gentilitie sir: *Carlo*, a word with you; Doe
you see that same fellow there?

Car. What? *Cauallier Shift*?

Sog. O you know him; crie you mercie: before God, I think
him the tallest man liuing within the walles of *Europe*.

3090 *Carl.* The walles of *Europe*! take heede what you say Signior,
Europ's a huge thing within the walles.

Sog. Tut (and 'twere as huge againe) Il'd iustifie what I
speake.

speake. S'lid, he swagger'd e'en now in a place where wee were:
I neuer saw a man do it more resolute.

3095 *Carl.* Nay, indeed swaggering is a good *Argument* of *Resolution*. Doe you heare this, Signior?

Maci. I, to my grieve. O that such muddie Flags
For euerie drunken flourish, should atchieue
The name of *Manhood*; whilst true perfect Valour

2925

3100 (Hating to shew it selfe) goes by despis'd.

Sbloud, I doe know now (in a faire iust cause)

I dare doe more then hee a thousand times:

Why should not they take knowledge of this? ha?

And giue my worth allowance before his?

3105 Because I cannot swagger. Now the Poxe

Light on your *Pickt-Hatch* prowess.

Sog. Why I tell you sir, hee has beene the onely *Bidstand* that
euer was, kept *New-market*, *Salisburie* Plaine, *Hockley* i'the hole,
Gads-hill; all the high places of any Request: hee has had his

3110 Mares and his Geldings hee, ha' been worth forty, threescore,
a hundred pound a Horse, would ha' sprung you ouer hedge
and ditch like your Greyhound: hee has done fīue hundred
Robberies in his time, more or lesse, I assure you.

Punt. What? and scapt?

3115 *Sog.* Scapt! Yfaith I: hee has broken the iayle when hee has
been in yrons, and yrons; & beene out, & in againe; and out,
and in; fortie times, and not so few, hee.

Mac. A fit Trumpet to proclaime such a person.

2945

Carl. But can this bee possible?

(to it.

3120 *Shift.* Why, 'tis nothing sir, when a man giues his Affections

Sog. Good *Pylades* discourse a Robberie or two, to satisfie
these Gentlemen of thy worth.

Shift. Pardon me my deere *Orestes*: Causes haue their *Quid-*
dits, and 'tis ill iesting with Bell-ropes.

3125 *Carl.* How? *Pylades* and *Orestes*?

(conceit?

Sog. I, he is my *Pylades*, and I am his *Orestes*: how like you the

Carl. O it's an old stale Enterlude deuice: No, I'le giue you
Names my selfe: looke you, he shall be your *Indas*, and you shal

M

bee

be his *Elder* tree to hang on.

3130 *Mac.* Nay, rather let him be Captaine *Pod*, and this his *Mo-* 2958
tion, for he does nothing but Shew him.

Car. Excellent: or thus; you shal be *Holdcn*, & he your *Camell*.

Shift. You doe not meane to ride Gentlemen?

Punt. Faith let me end it for you Gallants: you shall bee his
3135 *Countenance*, and hee your *Resolution*.

Sog. Troth that's pretie: how say you *Cauallier*, shalt bee so?

Carl. I, I, most voyces.

Shift. Faith I am easily yeelding to any good Impressions.

Sog. Then giue hands good *Resolution*.

3140 *Carl.* Masse he cannot say good *Countenance* now (proper-
ly) to him againe.

Punt. Yes, by an *Ironie*.

Mac. O sir, the countenance of *Resolution* should, as hee's al-
together grim and vnpleasant. *Enter Briske.*

3145 *Fast.* Good houres make Musicke with your mirth Gentle- *Act.IV.*
men, and keepe times to your humors: how now *Carlo*?

Punt. Monsieur *Briske*! many a long looke haue I extended
for you sir.

Fast. Good faith I must craue pardon; I was inuited this
3150 morning ere I was out of my bedde, by a Beuie of Ladies, to a
Banquet: whence it was almost one of *Hercules* Labours for mee
to come away, but that the respect of my promise did so pre-
uaile with mee: I know they'le take it very ill, especially one,
that gaue mee this bracelet off her Haire but ouer night, and
3155 this Pearle another gaue me from her forehead, Mary shee—
what? are these writings ready?

Punt. I will send my man to know. Sirrah, goe you to the
Notaries, and learne if hee be readie: leaue the Dog sir.

Exit Seruingman.

3160 *Fast.* And how does my rare qualified friend *Sogliardo*? oh
Signior *Macilente*! by these eyes I sawe you not, I had saluted
you sooner else on my troth: I hope sir I may presume vpon
you, that you will not divulge my late checke, or disgrace in-
deede sir.

Mac. You

3165 *Mac.* You may sir.

2993

Car. S'heart hee knowes some notorious jest by this Gull, that hee hath him so obsequious.

Sog. Monsieur *Fastidius*, doe you see this fellow there? does hee not looke like a clowne? would you thinke there's any
3170 thing in him?

Fast. Any thing in him? beshrew mee, I; the fellow hath a good ingenious face.

Sog. By this Element, hee is an ingenious tall man as euer swaggerd about *London*: hee and I call *Countenance* and *Resolu-*
3175 *tion*, but his name is *Cauallier Shift*.

Punt. *Cauallier*, you knew Signior *Clog*, that was hang'd for the robberie at *Harrow* on the hill?

Sog. Knew him sir! why 'twas hee gaue all the directions for the Action.

3180 *Punt.* How? was't your Project sir?

Shift. Pardon mee *Countenance*, you doe me some wrong to make that publicke, which I imparted to you in priuate.

Sog. Gods will, here are none but friends *Resolution*.

3010

Shift. That's all one; things of Consequence must haue their
3185 respects, where, how, and to whom. Yes sir, he shewed himselfe a true *Clogge* in the coherence of that affaire sir; for if hee had manag'd matters as they were corroborated to him, it had been better for him by a fortie or fiftie score of pounds sir, and he himselfe might ha' liu'd (in despight of Fate) to haue fedde on
3190 *Woodcocks* with the rest: but it was his heauie fortunes to sinke poore *Clog*, and therefore talke no more of him.

Punt. Why, had hee no more Agents then?

Sog. O God sir; I, there were some present there, that were the nine *Worthies* to him yfaith.

3195 *Shift.* I sir, I can satisfie you at more conuenient conference: but (for mine owne part) I haue now reconci'd my selfe to o-ther courses, and professe a liuing out of my other qualities.

Sog. Nay, hee has left all now (I assure you) and is able to liue like a Gentleman by his Qualitie. By this Dog, he has the most
3200 rare gift in *Tabacco* that euer you knew.

Carl. S'heart, hee keepes more adoe with this monster, than 3027
euer *Bankes* did with his Horse, or the fellow with the *Elephant*.

Mac. Hee will hang out his picture shortly in a cloth, you shall
see.

3205 *Sog.* O hee do's manage a quarrell the best that euer you
saw, for termes and circumstances.

Fast. Good faith Signior, (now you speake of a quarrell) Ile
acquaint you with a difference that happened betweene a Gal-
lant and my selfe: sir *Puntaruolo*, you knowe him if I should
3210 name him; Signior *Luculento*.

Punt. *Luculento*! what inauspicious chance interpos'd it selfe
betwixt your two loues?

Fast. Faith sir, the same that sundred *Agamemnon* and great
Thetis sonne; but let the cause escape sir: He sent me a challenge
3215 (mixt with some few braues) which I restor'd, and in fine wee
met. Now indeede sir (I must tell you) hee did offer at first very
desperately, but without iudgement: for looke you sir, I cast
my selfe into this figure: now he comes violently on, and with-
all aduancing his Rapier to strike, I thought to haue tooke his
3220 arme (for hee had left his whole body to my election, and I was
sure hee could not recouer his guard) sir, I mist my purpose in
his arme, rasht his doublet sleeue, ranne him close by the left
cheeke, and through his haire: He againe lights me here, I had
a gold Cable hatband, then new come vp, (which I wore about
3225 a murrey French Hat I had) cuts my Hatband (and yet it was
Massie, Gold-smithes worke, cuts my brimmes, which by good
fortune being thicke, embrodered with gold twist, and span-
gles) disappointed the force of the blow: Neuerthelesse it graz'd
on my shoulders, takes me away sixe purles of an Italian cut-
3230 worke Band I wore, cost me three pounds in the Exchange but
three daies before.

Punt. This was a strange encounter.

3054

Fastid. Nay you shall heare sir, with this wee both fell out
and breath'd: Now, (vpon the second signe of his assault,) I
3235 betooke mee to the former maner of my defence; hee (on
the other side) abandon'd his bodie to the same daunger as
before,

before, and followes mee still with blowes. But I (being loth to take the deadly aduantage that lay before mee of his left side) made a kind of *stramazoun*, ran him vp to the hilts, through the
 3240 doublet, through the shirt, and yet mist the skinne. He (making a reuerse blow, fals vpon my emboss'd girdle (I had thrown off the hāgers a little before) strikes off the skirt of a thick lac't satin doublet I had (lin'd with some foure Taffataes) cuts off two panes embrodered with Pearles, rents through the drawings
 3245 out of Tissew, enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

Car. I wonder hee speakes not of his wrought shirt.

3067

Fast. Here (in the opinion of mutuall dammage) wee paus'd: but (ere I proceede) I must tell you Signior, that (in this last encounter) not hauing leisure to put off my siluer spurres, one
 3250 of the rowels catcht hold of the ruffle of my Boote, and (being Spanish Leather, and subiect to teare) ouerthrowes mee, rends mee two paire of silke stockings (that I put on, being somewhat a raw morning, a Peach-colour, and another) and strikes mee some halfe inch deepe into the side of the Calfe: He (seeing the
 3255 bloud come) presently takes horse, and away. I (hauing bound vp my wound with a peece of my wrought shirt)

Carl. O, comes it there?

Fast. Rid after him, & (lighting at the Court gate both together) embrac'd, and marcht hand in hand vp into the Presence.

3260 *Mac.* Well, by this wee can gesse what apparrell the Gentleman wore.

Punt. Fore God it was a designement begun with much resolution, maintain'd with as much prowesse, & ended with more humanitie. How now, what sayes hee?

3265 *His seruingman enters.*

Seruing. The *Notarie* sayes he is ready sir, he stayes but your Worships pleasure.

Punt. Come, wee will goe to him Monsieur. Gentlemen, shal wee entreate you to bee witnesses.

3270 *Sog.* You shall entreate mee sir, come *Resolution.*

Shift. I follow you good *Countenance.*

Carl. Come Signior, come, come.

Maci. O, that there should bee fortune
 To clothe these men, so naked in desert,
 3275 And that the iust storme of a wretched life,
 Beates 'hem not ragged for their wretched Soules,
 And since as fruitlesse, euen as blacke as coles.

Exit.

G R E X.

Mit. Why but Signior, howe comes it that *Fungoso* appear'd
 3280 not with his sisters intelligence to *Briske*.

Cord. Marie long of the euill Angels that shee gaue him, who
 haue indeede tempted the good simple youth to follow the
 taile of the fashion, and neglect the imposition of his friends.
 Behold, here hee comes, verie worshipfully attended, and with
 3285 good varietie.

SCENA QVARTA.

Act.IV

Enter Fungoso, with Taylor, Shoe-maker, and Haberdasher.

Fung. Gramercie good Shoe-maker, Ile put to strings my
 selfe.

Exit Shoe-maker.

3290 Now sir, let mee see, what must you haue for this Hat?

Haber. Here's the Bill, sir.

Fung. How does't become me? well?

Tayl. Excellent sir, as euer you had any Hat in your life.

Haber. Nay faith sir, the Hat's as good as any man i'this town
 3295 can serue you, And will maintaine Fashion as long, ne're trust
 mee for a groat else.

Fung. Does it apply well to my sute?

Tay. Exceeding well sir.

Fung. How li'kst thou my sute Haberdasher?

3300 *Hab.* By my troth sir 'tis very rarely well made, I neuer saw
 a sute sit better I can tell on.

Tay. Nay, we haue no Arte to please our friends, wee.

Fung. Here Haberdasher, tell this same.

Haber. Good faith sir, it makes you haue an excellent body.

3305 *Fung.* Nay (beleuee mee) I thinke I haue as good a bodie in
 clothes as another.

Tay. You lacke points to bring your apparrell together.

Fung. I'll

Fung. I'll haue points anon: how now? is't right.

3126

Hab. Faith sir 'tis too little, but vpon farther hopes. Good
3310 morrow to you sir.

Exit Haberdasher.

Fun. Farewell good Haberdasher: well now master *Snip* let
mee see your Bill.

G R E X.

Mit. { Me thinkes hee discharges his followers too thicke.
3315 *Cor.* { O, therein hee saucily imitates some great man. I war-
rant you though hee turnes off them, hee keepes this
Taylor in place of a Page to follow him.

Fung. This Bill is very reasonable in fayth: Hearke you Ma-
ster *Snip*, Troth sir I am not altogether so well furnisht at this
3320 present, as I could wish I were: but— If you'll doe me the fa-
uour to take part in hand, you shall haue all I haue by *Iesu*.

Tay. Sir——

Fung. And but giue mee credite for the rest, til the beginning
of the next Terme.

3325 *Tay.* O Lord Sir——

Fung. Fore God and by this light Ile pay you to the vtmost,
and acknowledge my selfe very deeply engag'd to you by this
hand.

Tay. Why how much haue you there Sir?

3146

3330 *Fung.* Mary I haue here foure Angels, and fifteen shillings of
white money, it's all I haue as ' hope to bee sau'd.

Tay. You will not faile mee at the next Terme with the rest.

Fung. No: and I do, pray God I bee hang'd. Let mee neuer
breathe againe vpon this mortall Stage, as the Philosopher cals
3335 it. By this aire, and (as I am a Gentleman) Ile hold.

G R E X.

Cor. { Hee were an yron-hearted fellow in my iudgement,
that would not credite him vpon these monstrous
othes.

3340 *Tay.* Well sir, Ile not sticke with any Gentleman for a tri-
fle, you know what 'tis remains.

Fung. I Sir, and I giue you thanks in good faith; O God, how
happie am I made in this good fortune! Well, nowe i'll goe
seeke

seeke out Monsieur *Briske*. Gods so, I haue forgot Ribband for
 3345 my shooes, and points. S'lid what luck's this? how shall we doe?
 Master *Snippe*, pray let mee reduct some two or three shillings
 for poynts and Rybband: by Iesu I haue vtterly disfurnisht my
 selfe in the default of memorie; pray le' mee bee beholding to
 you, it shall come home i'the Bill beleeeue mee.

3350 *Tay.* Faith sir, I can hardly depart with money, but i'le take 3165
 vp, and send you some by my boy presently. What coulour'd
 Ribband would you haue? (sute.

Fun. What you shall thinke meet i'your iudgement sir to my
Tay. Well, i'le send you some presently.

3355 *Fun.* And poynts too sir?

Tay. And poynts too sir.

Exit Taylor.

Fun. Good Lord, how shall I studie to deserue this kindnesse
 of you sir? Pray let your youth make hast, for I should haue done
 a businesse an houre since, that I doubt I shall come too late.

3360 Now in good truth I am exceedingly proude of my sute. *Exit.*

G R E X.

Cord. Doe you obserue the plunges that this poore Gallant is
 put too (Signior) to purchase the Fashion?

Mit. I, and to bee still a Fashion behind the world, that's the
 3365 sport.

Cord. Stay: O here they come from *Seal'd and deliuer'd*.

SCENA QVINTA.

Act.IV..

Enter Puntaruolo, Fastidius Briske, seruimgmen, with the Dog.

Punt. Well, now my whole venture is forth, I will resolute to
 3370 depart shortly.

Fast. Faith sir *Puntaruolo* goe to the Court, and take leaue of
 the Ladies first.

Punt. I care not if it bee this afternoones labor: where is *Carlo*?

Fast. Here hee comes.

3375 *Enter Carlo, Sogliardo, Shift, and Macilente.*

Carl. Faith Gallants, I am perswading this Gentleman to
 turne Courtier, he is a man of faire reuenew, and his estate will
 beare the charge well, besides for his other gifts of the minde,

or

or so why, they are as Nature lent him'hem, pure, simple, with-
 3380 out any *Artificiall* drug or mixture of these two thredbare beg-
 gerly qualities, *Learning* and *Knowledge*, and therefore the more
accommodate and *Genuine*. Now for the life it selfe-

Fact. O, the most *Celestiall*, and full of woonder and delight 3200
 that can be imagin'd Signior, beyond all thought and appre-
 3385 hension of Pleasure. A man liues there in that diuine *Rapture*,
 that he will think himselfe i'the third Heauen for the time, and
 loose all sence of Mortalitie whatsoever; when he shall behold
 such glorious (and almost immortall) beauties, heare such An-
 gelicall and Harmonious voices, discourse with such flowing
 3390 and *Ambrosian* spirits, whose wits as suddaine as Lightning and
 humorous as *Nectar*; Oh: it makes a man all *Quintessence* and
Fleame. and liftes him vp (in a moment) to the very Christall
 Crowne o'the skie, where (houering in the strength of his *Ima-*
gination) he shall behold all the delights of the *Hesperides*, the *In-*
 3395 *sulæ Fortunatæ*, *Adonis* gardens, *Tempe*, or what else (confin'd
 within the amplest verge of *Poesie*) to be meere *Vmbræ* and im-
 perfect Figures, conferr'd with the most essentiall felicitie of
 your Court.

Mac. Wel, this ENCOMION was not extemporall, it came
 3400 too perfectly off.

Car. Besides sir, you shall neuer need to go to a Hothouse, 3215
 you shall sweat there with courting your mistresse, or loosing
 your money at *Primero*, as well as in all the Stoues in Flaunders.
 Mary this Sir, you must euer be sure to carrie a good strong
 3405 perfume about you, that your mistresse Dog may smell you out
 amongst the rest; and (in making loue to her) neuer feare to be
 out: for you may haue a pipe of *tabacco*, or a base *Violl* shal hang
 o'the wall of purpose, will put you in presently. The tricks your
Resolution has taught you in *Tabacco*, (the Whiffe, and those
 3410 sleights) will stand you in very good Ornament there?

Fact. I, to some per haps: but, and hee should come to my
 Mistresse with *Tabacco* (this Gentleman knowes) shee'd reply
 vpon him y faith. Oh (by this bright Sunne/ shee has the most
 acute, ready, and facetious wit, that 8. tut there'sno spirit able

N

to

3415 to stand her. You can report it Signior, you haue seene her?

Punt. Then can he report no lesse out of his iudgement, I assure him.

Maci. Troth I like her well enough, but shee's too selfe-con- 3230
ceited me thinks.

3420 *Fast.* I indeed, shee's a litle too selfe-conceited, and 'twere not for that Humor, she were the most to be admir'd Lady in the world.

Punt. Indeed it is a Humor that takes from her other excellencies.

3425 *Mac.* why it may easily be made to forsake her in my thought.

Fast. Easily Sir? then are all impossibilities easie.

Mac. You conclude too quicke vpon me Signior, what will you say if I make it so conspicuously appeare now, that your selfe shall confesse nothing more possible.

3430 *Fast.* Mary I will say. *I will both applaud you, & admire you for it.*

Punt. And I will second him.

Mac. Why I'll shew you Gentlemen; *Carlo*, come hither.

Macilente, Carlo, Puntarvolo, and Briske, whisper.

Sog. Good faith I haue a great Humor to the Court, what 3435 thinks my *Resolution*, shall I aduenture?

Shift. Troth *Countenance*, as you please; the Place is a place of 3245
good *Reputation* and *Capacitie*.

Sog. O my trickes in *Tabacco* (as *Carlo* sayes) wil shew excellent there.

3440 *Shift.* Why you may goe with these Gentlemen now, and see fashions; and after, as you shall see Correspondence.

Sog. You say true. You will goe with me *Resolution*.

Shift. I will meete you *Countenance*, about three or foure of clocke, but, to say to goe with you I cannot; for (as I am *Apple*
3445 *Iohn*) I am to goe before the *Cocatrice* you saw this morning, & therefore pray, present me excus'd good *Countenance*.

Sog. Farewell good *Resolution*, but faile not to meet.

Shift. As I liue.

They breake silence.

Exit Shift.

3450 *punt.* Admirably excellent.

Mac. If

Mac. If you can but persuade *Sogliardo* to the Court, there's al
now.

Carl. O let me alone, that's my taske.

3261

Fast. Now by Iesu *Macilente*, it's aboue measure excellent:
3455 'twill be the onely Courtly exploit that euer prou'd Courtier
ingenious.

Punt. Vpon my soule it puts my Lady quite out of her Hu-
mor, and we shall laugh with iudgment.

Carl. Come, the Gentleman was of himselfe resolu'd to goe
3460 with you, afore I mou'd it.

Mac. Why then gallants, you two and *Carlo* go afore to pre-
pare the iest: *Sogliardo* and I will come some while after you.

Car. Pardon me, I am not for the Court.

Punt. That's true; *Carlo* comes not at the Court indeed: well,
3465 you shall leaue it to the *facultie* of Monsieur *Briske*, & my selfe;
vpon our liues we will manage it happily. *Carlo* shall bespeake
Supper at the Mitre against wee come backe: where wee will
meet. and dimple our cheekes with laughter at the succeſſe.

Carl. I, but will you all promise to come?

3470 *Punt.* My selfe shall *manfrede* it for them: he that failes, let his
Reputation lie vnder the lash of thy tongue.

Carl. Gods so', looke who comes here?

Enter Fungoso.

Sog. What, Nephew?

3280

3475 *Fung.* Vncle, God saue you; did you see a Gentleman, one
Monsieur *Briske*? a Courtier, he goes in such a Sute as I doe,

Sog. Here is the Gentleman Nephew, but not in such a Sute.

Fung. Another Sute!

He Swonnes.

Sog. How now Nephew?

3480 *Fast.* Would you speake to me Sir?

Carl. I, when he has recouer'd himselfe: poore Poll.

Punt. Some *Rosa-solis*.

Mac. How now Signior?

Fung. I am not well Sir.

3485 *Mac.* Why this it is, to dog the Fashion.

Carl. Nay come Gentlemen, remember your affaires; his

N ij

disease

disease is nothing but the *Fluxe* of apparell,

Punt. Sirs, returne to the lodging, keepe the Cat safe; I'le 3294
be the Dogs *Guardian* my selfe. *Exeunt Scruiingmen*

3490 *Sog.* Nephew, will you goe to the Court: with vs; these Gentlemen and I are for the Court: nay be not so Melancholly.

Fun. By Gods lid I thinke no man in Christendome has that rascally fortune that I haue.

Maci. Faith your Sute is well enough Signior.

3495 *Fun.* Nay, not for that I protest; but I had an errand to Monsieur *Fastidius*; and I haue forgot it

Maci. Why goe along to the Court with vs, and remember it come. Gentlemen, you three take one boat, and *Sogliardo* and I will take another: we shalbe there instantly.

3500 *Fast.* Content: good Sir vouchsafe vs your pleasance.

Punt, Farewell *Carlo*; remember.

Carl. I warrant you: would I had one of *Kempes* shooes to throw after you.

Punt. Good Fortune will close the eyes of our jest, feare not: 3310
3505 and we shall frolick. *Exeunt.*

G R E X.

Mit. This *Macilente* Signior, begins to be more sociable on a suddaine me thinkes, than he was before, ther's some Portent in't, I beleeeue.

3510 *Cord.* O hee's a fellow of a straunge Nature. Now do's he (in this calme of his Humor) plot and store vp a world of malicious thoughts in his braine, till he is so full with'him, that you shall see the very Torrent of his Enuie breake forth, and against the course of all their affections oppose it selfe so violently, that
3515 you will almost haue woonder to thinke how 'tis possible the current of their Dispositions shall receiue so quick and strong an alteration.

Mit. I marry sir, this is that on which my Expectation has dwelt all this while: for I must tell you Signior (though I was
3520 loth to interrupt the Scene) yet I made it a question in mine owne priuate discourse, how he should properly call it, *Euery man out of his Humor*, when I saw all his Actors so strongly pursue

sue and continue their humors?

Cord. Why therein his Art appeares most full of lustre, and 3328
3525 approacheth nearest the life, especially when in the flame and
height of their Humors they are laid flat, it fils the eye better,
and with more contentment. How tedious a sight were it to
behold a proud exalted tree lopt and cut downe by degrees,
when it might be feld in a moment? and to set the axe to it, be-
3530 fore it came to that pride & fulnes, were as not to haue it grow.

Mit. Wel, I shall long till I see this fall you talke of.

Cord. To helpe your longing, Signior, let your imagination
be swifter then a paire of Oares, and by this, suppose *Puntaruo-*
lo, Briske, Fungoso, and the Dog, arriu'd at the Court gate, & go-
3535 ing vp to the gteat chamber. *Macilente* and *Sogliardo*, wee'll
leaue them on the water tilll possibility and naturall means may
land 'hem. Here come Gallants, now prepare your Epecta-
tion.

ACTVS QVINTVS, SCENA PRIMA.

Act.V.Sc.I.

3540 *Enter Puntervolo, Fastidius Briske, Fungoso, and the Dog.*

Punt. Come Lordings. Signior, you are sufficiētly instructed.

Fast. Who, I sir?

Punt. No, this Gentleman. But stay, I take thought how to be-
stow my dog, he is no competent attendant for the Presence.

3545 *Fast.* Masse that's true indeed knight, you must not carry him
into the Presence.

Punt. I know it, and I (like a dull beast) forgot to bring one
of my Cormorants to attend me.

Fast. Why, you're best leaue him at the Porters lodge.

3550 *Punt.* Not so: his worth is too well knowne amongst them, to
be forth-comming.

Fast. Slight, how'll you do then?

Punt. I must leaue him with one that is ignorant of his quali-
tie, if I will haue him to be safe. And see: Here comes one that
3555 will carie coales, *Ergo*, will hold my dog. My honest friend, may
I commit the tuition of this dog to thy prudent care?

Enter a Groome with a basket.

Groome. You may if you please sir.

Punt. Pray

3595 she laughs a fit, to bring her into more matter; that's nothing:
you must talke forward (though it be without sense, so it bee
without blushing) 'tis most Courtlike and well.

Sog. But shall I not vse *Tabacco* at all?

3397

Mac. O, by no meanes, 'twill but make your breath suspe-
3600 cted; and that that you vse it onely to confound the rankenesse
of that.

Sog. Nay, Ile be aduis'd sir by my friends.

Maci. Gods my life, see where sir *Puntars* Dog is.

Groome. I would the Gentleman would returne for his follo-
3605 wer here, Ile leaue him to his fortunes else.

Maci. S'hart, 'twere the onely true iest in the world to poy-
son him now: ha? by Gods will Ile do it, if I could but get him
of the fellow. Signior *Sogliardo*, walke aside, and thinke vpon
some deuise to entertaine the Lady with.

3610 *Sog.* So I do sir.

Sog. walks off, meditating.

Mac. How now mine honest friend? whose Dog-keeper
art thou?

Groome. Dog-keeper sir? I hope I scorne that Ifaith.

3410

Mac. Why? do'st thou not keepe a Dog?

3615 *Groome.* Sir, now I doe, and now I doe not: I thinke this bee
Sweete and Short: make me his Dog-keeper?

Throwe off the Dog, & exit.

Maci. This is excellent aboue expectation: nay stay sir,
you'd be traueilling; but Ile giue you a dramme shall shorten
3620 your voyage: here: so sir, Ile be bold to take my leaue of you:
now to the *Turkes* Court in the diuels name, for you shal neuer
go on Gods name. (*Kickes him out*) *Sogliardo*, come.

Sog. I ha' 't yfaith now, will sting it.

Maci. Take heed you leese it not Signior, ere you come
3625 there: preserue it.

Exeunt

G R E X.

3421

Cor. { How like you this first exploit of his?

Mit. { O, a peece of true Enuie, but I expect the issue of the
other deuise.

3630 *Cor.* { Here they come, will make it appeare.

SCENA

Punt. Pray thee let me find thee here at my returne: it shall
3560 not be long, till I will Ease thee of thy emploiment, and Please
thee. Forth Gentles.

Fast. Why, but will you leaue him with so slight command,
and infuse no more charge vpon the fellow?

Punt. Charge? no, there were no pollicie in that; that were
3565 to let him know the value of the Gem he holds, & so, to tempt
fraile nature against her disposition. No, pray thee let thy Hon-
nestie be sweet and short.

Groome. yes sir.

Punt. But heark you Gallants, and cheefly Monsieur *Briske*
3570 When wee come in eye-shot or presence of this Ladie, let
not others matters carrie vs from our Proiect: but (if wee can)
single her forth to some place.

Fast. I warrant you.

Punt. And bee not too suddaine, but let the deuise induce i.
3575 selfe with good Circumstance: on.

Fung. Is this the way? good truth here be fine hangings.

Exeunt Puntarvolo, Briske, Fungoso.

Groome. Honestie, Sweet and Short? mary it shall sir, doubt 3380
you not: for euen at this instant if one would giue me twenti:
3580 pounds, I would not deliuer him; there's for the Sweet: but
now, if any man come offer me but two-pence, hee shall hau:
him; there's for the Short now. Sbloud, what a mad Humorous
Gentleman is this to leaue his Dog with me? I could run away
with him now, and he were worth any thing: well, I pray God
3585 send him quickly againe. *Enter Macilente and Sogliardo.*

Mac. Come on Signior, now prepare to Court this All-wit-
ted Ladie, most Naturally and like your selfe.

Sog. Faith and you say the word, Ile begin to her in *Tabacco*

Mac. O fie on't, no you shall begin with, *How does my sweet*
3590 *Ladie*; or, *Why are you so melancholly Madam*? though she be very
merrie, it's all one: be sure to kisse your hand often enough;
pray for her health, and tell her, how *more than most faire* shee is:
Screw your face a t'one side thus, & Protest; let her fleere and
looke a skaunce, and hide her Teeth with her Fanne, when
she

SCENA SECVNDA.

Act.V.S.

Enter Puntarvolo, Sauiolina Factidius Briske, Fungoso.

Sau. Why I thought Sir *Puntarvolo*, you had been gone your Voyage?

3635 *Punt.* Deare, and most Amiable Ladie, your Diuine Beauties do bind me to those Offices, that I cannot depart when I would.

Sau. 'Tis most Courtlike spoken sir; but how might we doe to haue a sight of your Dog and Cat?

Fact. His Dogge's in the Court, Ladie. (sir?

3640 *Sau.* And not your Cat? how dare you trust her behind you

Punt. Troth Madame she hath sore eyes, and shee dooth keepe her Chamber: marry I haue left her vnder sufficient guard: there are two of my Hinds to attend her. (go sir?

Sau. Ile giue you some Water for her eyes: when doe you

3645 *Punt.* Certes sweet Ladie, I know not.

Fact. He doth stay the rather Madame, to present your *Acute* iudgement with so Courtly, and well-Parted a Gentleman, as yet your Ladiship hath neuer seene. (man?

Sau. What's he, gentle Mounsieur *Briske*? not that Gentle

3650 *Fast.* No Ladie, this is a Kinsman of Iustice *Silence*. 3447

Punt. Pray' sir: giue me leaue to report him: hee's a Gentleman (Ladie) of that rare and admirable *facultie*, as (I protest) I know not his like in *Europe*: he is exceedingly Valiant, an excellent Scholler and so exactly trauail'd that hee is able in
3655 discourse, to deliuer you a *Modell* of any Princes Court in the world: 'speakes the Languages with that puritie of Phrase, and facilitie of *Accent*, that it breeds astonishment: his Wit, the most Exuberant and (aboue wonder) pleasant, of all that euer entred the concaue of this eare. (man.

3660 *Fast.* Tis most true Ladie; mary he is no such excellēt proper

Punt. His Trauailles haue chang'd his complexion, Madame.

Sau. O sir *Puntarvolo*, you must thinke euery man was not borne to haue my Seruant *Brisks* feature.

Punt. But that which transcends all, Ladie; he doth so Peer-
3665 lessely imitate any manner of person for Gesture, Action, Passion, or what euer.

Fast. I

Fast. I, especially a Rusticke or a Clowne Madame, that it is 3463
not possible for the sharpest-sighted with (in the world) to dis-
cerne any sparkes of the Gentleman in him, when hee does it.

3670 *Sau.* O Mounsieur *Brisk*, be not so Tyranous to confine all
Wits within the compasse of your owne: Not find the sparkes
of a Gentleman in him, if he be a Gentleman?

Fun. No in truth (sweet Ladie) I beleeeue you cannot.

Sau. Do you beleeeue so? why I can find sparkes of a Gentle-
3675 man in you sir

Punt. I, he is a Gentleman Madame, and a Reueller.

Fun. Indeed I think I haue seen your Ladiship at our Reuels.

Sau. Lik inough sir: but would I might see this wonder you
talke of: may one haue a sight of him for any reasonable sum?

3680 *punt.* Yes Madam, he will arriue presently.

Sau. What, and shall we see him Clowne it?

Fast. I faith (sweet Lady) that you shall: see heere he comes.

Enter Macilente with Sogliardo.

punt. This is he; pray obserue him Lady.

3479

3685 *Sau.* Beshrew me, he Clownes it properly indeed.

punt. Nay, marke his Courtship.

lusty? ha

Sog. How dos my sweet Lady; *hote and moyst? Beautifull and*

Sau. *Beautifull* and it please you sir, but not *lusty*.

Sog. O ho Ladie; it pleases you to say so in truth: and how
3690 does my sweet Lady; in health? *Bona roba, quæso? que Nouelles?*
que Nouelles? Sweete creature.

Sau. O excellent: why Gallants, is this he that cannot be
Deciphered? they were very bleare-witted yfaith that could
not discern the Gentleman in him.

3695 *punt.* But do you, in earnest Lady?

Sau. Do I sir? why if you had any true Court-iudgement
in the carriage of his eye, and that inward power that formes
his countenance, you might perceiue his counterfeiting as
cleere as the noone day: Alas; Nay if you would haue tried my
3700 Wit indeed, you should neuer haue tolde me he was a Gentle-
man, but presented him for a true Clowne indeede; and then
haue seene if I could haue decipher'd him.

O

Fast. Fore

[LINGE'S QUARTO]

Fast. 'Fore God, her Ladiship sayes true (knight:) but does he not affect the Clowne most naturally, Mistresse?

3705 *Punt.* O, she cannot but affirme that out of the Bountie of her 3500 iudgement.

Sau. Nay out of doubt he does well, for a Gentleman to imitate; but I warrant you, he becomes his naturall carriage of the Gentleman, much better than his Clownerie.

3710 *Fast.* Tis strange in truth, her Ladiship should see so farre into him.

Punt. I, is't not.

Sau. Faith as easily as may be: not decipher him, quoth you?

Fung. Good sadnesse, I wonder at it.

3715 *Mac.* Why, has she decipher'd him, Gentlemen?

Punt. O most miraculously, and beyond Admiration.

Mac. Is't possible?

Fast. Shee hath giuen most infallible signes of the Gentleman in him, that's certaine.

3720 *Sau.* Why, Gallants, let me laugh at you a litle: was this 3514 your deuise, to trie my iudgement in a Gentleman?

Maci. Nay Lady, do not scorne vs, though you haue this gift of Perspicacie aboue others: What if he should be no Gentleman now, but a Clowne indeed, Lady?

3725 *Punt.* How thinke you of that? would not your Ladiship be out of your Humor?

Fast. O, but she knowes it is not so.

Sau. What if he were not a man, ye may as well say? nay if your Worships could gull me so indeede, you were wiser
3730 then you were taken for.

Maci. In good faith Lady, he is a very perfect Clowne, both by father and mother : that Ile assure you.

Sau. O Sir, you are very pleasurable.

maci. Nay, do but looke on his hand, and that shall resolute
3735 you: Looke you Lady, what a palme here is.

Sog. Tut, that was with holding the plough.

mac. The Plough! did you discern any such thing in him, Madame?

Fast. Faith

Fast. Faith no, she saw ths Gentleman as bright as at noone- 353r
3740 day she: he decipher'd him at first.

maci. Troth I am sorie your Ladiships sight should be so
suddainly strooke.

Sau. O, you're good Beagles!

Fast. What, is she gone?

3745 *Sog.* Nay stay sweet Lady; *Que Nouvelles, Que Nouvelles?*

Sau. Out, you foole you. *Exit Sau.*

Fung. Shee's out of her Humor yfaith.

Fast. Nay, let's follow it while tis hote Gentlemen.

Punt. Come, on mine honour wee le make her blush in the
3750 Presence: my splene is great with laughter.

Mac. Your laughter will be a child of a feeble life I beleeeue
sir. Come Signior, your lookes are too deieted me thinkes:
why mixe you not mirth with the rest?

Fung. By Gods will, this Sute frets me at the Soule. Ile haue
3755 it alter'd to morrow sure. *Exeunt.*

Enter Shift.

Act.V.Sc.3.

Shift. I am come to the Court to meet with my *Countenance*
Sogliardo: poore men must be glad of such countenance, when
they can get no better. Well, Need may insult vpon a man, but
3760 it shall neuer make him despaire of Consequence. The world
will say, tis base; tush, base! tis base to liue vnder the earth, not
base to liue aboue it by any meanes.

Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius, Sogliardo, Fungoso, Macilente.

Fost. The poore Ladie is most miserably out of her Humour
3765 yfaith.

Punt. There was neuer so witty a iest broken at the Tilt, of
all the Court wits christen'd.

Maci. O, this applause taints it fouly.

Sog. I thinke I did my part in Courting. O *Resolution.*

3770 *Punt.* Ay me, my Dog.

maci. Where is he?

Fast. Gods precious, go seeke for the fellow, good Signior.
sends away Fungoso.

Punt. Here, here I left him.

O ij

maci. Why

3775 *Maci*. Why none was here when we came in now, but *Cavalier Shift*, enquire of him.

Fast. Did you see sir *Puntarvolos* dog here *Cavalier*, since you came? (Dog sir.

Shift. His Dog sir? he may looke his Dog sir; I see none of his 3570

3780 *Mac*. Vpon my life he has stoln your Dog sir, and benhir,d to it by some that haue ventur'd with you; you may gesse by his peremptorie answeres.

Punt. Not vnlike; for he hath been a notorious theefe by his owne confession. Sirrah, where's my Dog?

3785 *Shift*. Charge me with your Dog sir? I ha'non of your dogsir.

Punt. Villaine, thou liest.

Shift. Lie sir? S'blood y'are but a man sir.

Punt. Rogue and Theefe, restore him.

Sog. Take heed sir *Puntarvolo* what you doe; hee'le beare no 3790 coales I can tell you (of my word.

Maci. This is rare.

Sog. It's mar'le he stabs you not: by this Light, he hath stab'd fortie for fortie times lesse matter, I can tell you, of my knowledge.

3795 *Punt*. I will make thee stoupe, thou Abiect.

Sog. Make him stoupe sir. Gentlemen pacifie him, or hee'le be kill'd.

Mac. Is he so tall a man?

Sog. Tall a man? if you loue his life stand betwixt'hem:

3800 make him stoupe!

Pun. My dog Villain, or I wil hang thee: thou hast confest robberies, & other felonious acts to this Gentlemā thy *Countenāce* 3590

Sog. Ile beare no witnesse.

Punt. And without my Dog I will hang thee, for them.

3805 *Shift kneeles*.

Sog. What? kneele to thine enemye?

Shift. Pardon mee good sir; God is my Iudge I neuer did Robberie in all my life.

Enter Fungoso.

Fung. O sir *Puntarvolo*, your Dog lies giuing vp the ghost in 3810 the wood-yard.

Mac. S'blood

Maci. S'bloud is he not dead yet?

Punt. O, my Dogge borne to disastrous fortune! pray you 3600
conduct me sir. *Exit Punt. with Fung.*

Sog. How? did you neuer do any robbery in your life?

3815 *Mac.* O this is good: so he swore sir.

Sog. I heard him. And did you sweare true sir?

Shift. I (as God shall haue part of my soule Sir) I ne're rob'd
any man I; neuer stood by the high-way side Sir, but only sayd
so, because I would get my selfe a name, and be counted a tall
3820 man.

Sog. Now out base *Viliaco*: Thou my *Resolution*? I thy *Coun-*
tenance? By this light, Gentlemen, he hath confest to me the most
inexorable companie of Robberies, and damn'd himselfe that
he did 'hem; you neuer heard the like: out skoundrell out, fol-
3825 low me no more I command thee; out of my sight, go, hence,
speake not, I will not heare thee; away *Camouccio*.

Mac. O, how do I feed vpon this now, and fat my selfe? here
were a couple vnexpectedly dishumor'd: well by this time I
hope sir *Puntarvolo* and his Dog are both out of Humor to tra-
3830 uaile: nay, Gentlemen, why do you not seeke out the Knight,
and comfort him? our Supper at the Mitre must of necessitie
hold to night, if you loue your Reputations.

Fast. 'Fore God I am so Melancholly for his Dogges disaster
but i'le go. (cholly)

3835 *Sog.* Faith and I may go too, but I know I shall be so Melan- 3620

Nac. Tush, Melancholly? you must forget that now, and re-
member you lie at the mercie of a Furie: *Carlo* will racke your
sinewes asunder, and raile you to dust if you come not. *Exeunt.*

3840 *GREX* { *Mit.* O then their feare of *Carlo* belike, makes them
hold their meeting.
Cor. I, here he comes: conceiue him but to be enter'd
the Mitre.

SCENA TERTIA.

Act.V.Sc.4.

Enter Carlo.

3845 *Car.* Holla: where be these Shotmakers? *Enter Drawer*

Draw. By and by: you are welcome good master *Buffone*.

O iii

Carl.

Carl. Where's *George*? call me *George* hither quickly.

Draw. What wine please you haue Sir? I'll draw you that's neat *Buffone*.

3850 *Carl.* Away *Neophite*, do as I bid; bring my deare *George* to me 3636
Masse here he comes. *Enter George.*

Georg. Welcome Maister *Carlo*.

Carl. What's Supper readie, *George*?

Geor. I sir, almost: will you haue the cloth laid, Maister *Carlo*?

3855 *Carl.* O, what else: are none of the Gallants come yet?

Georg. None yet sir.

Carl. Stay, take me with you *George*: let me haue a good fat Loine of Porke laid to the fire presently.

Georg. It shall sir.

3860 *Carl.* And withall, heare you? draw me the biggest shaft you haue out of the But you wot of: away, you know my meaning *George*, quick.

George. Done sir.

Exit.

Carl. S'bloud, I neuer hungred so much for thing in my life, 3650
3865 as I doe to knowe our Gallants successe at the Court: now is that leane Blad-rid *Macilente*, that salt Villaine, plotting some mischieuous deuise, and lies a soking in their frothy Humours like a drie crust, till he has drunke 'hem all vp: could the Kecks but hold vp's eyes at other mens happinesse in any reasonable
3870 proportion, S'lid the slaue were to be loued next Heauen, a-boue Honour, Wealth, rich Fare, Apparell, Wenches, all the delights of the Bellie, and the Groine, whateuer.

Georg. Here, maister *Carlo*.

Carl. Is't right, Boy?

3875 *Geor.* I sir, I assure you 'tis right.

Carl. Well said, my deare *George*, depart: Come, my small Gimblet, you in the false scabberd, away; { *Puts forth the Dra-*
so: Now to you sir *Burgomaster*, let's tast of { *wer & shuts the dore*
your Bounty.

3880 *G R E X.*

Mit. { what, will he deale vpon such quantities of wine alone. 3665

Cord { You shall perceiue that sir.

He drinkes.

Carl. I

Carl. I mary sir, here's puritie. O *George*, I could bite of thy nose for this now: Sweet Rogue, he has drawne *Nectar*, the very soule of the Grape: I'll wash my temples with some on't presently: and drinke some halfe a score draughts; 'twill heate
 3885 the Braine, kindle my imagination, I shall talke nothing but Crackers and Fire-worke to night. So sir; Please you to bee here sir, and I here: So.

He sets the two cups asunder, and first drinkes with the one, and pledges with the other.

3890

GREX. Cord. This is worth the obseruation, Signior.

Carl. 1 cap. Now sir, here's to you; and I present you with
 3675 so much of my loue.

2 Cup. I take it kindly from you sir. (*Drinkes.*) And wil return
 3895 you the like proportion: but withall sir, remembering the merrie night we had at the Countesses; you know where sir.

1 Cup. By Iesu you doe put me in mind now of a very necessary office, which I wil propose in your pledge sir: The health of that honorable Countesse, & the sweet Lady that sat by her sir.
 3900 *2* I do vail to it with reuerence. (*Drinks.*) *2* And now Signior, with these Ladies, I'll be bold to mixe the health of your Diuine Mistresse. *1* Doe you know her sir? *2* O Lord sir, I, and in the respectfull memorie and mention of her, I could wish this wine were the most pretious drugge in the world.

3905 *1* Good faith sir you doe honor me in't exceedingly. (*Drinks.*)

G R E X.

Mit. { Whom should he personate in this, Signior?

3690

Cord. { Faith I know not sir, obserue, obserue him.

2 If it were the basest filth or mud that runnes in the chan-
 3910 nell, I am bound to pledge it by God sir. (*Drinks.*) And now sir, here is againe a replenisht bowle sir, which I will *reciprocally* returne vpon you to the health of the *Count Frugale*. *1* The *Count Frugales* health sir? I'll pledge it on my knees by Iesu. *2* Will you sir? I'll drinke it on my knees then, by the Lord. (*Drinkes*)

3915

G R E X.

Mit. { Why this is straunge.

Cor. { Ha' you hard a better drunken Dialogue?

2 Nay,

2 Nay, do me right Sir. 1. So I do in good faith. 2. Good 3702
 faith you do not; mine was fuller. 1. Why, by Iesu it was not.
 3920 2. By Iesu it was, and you do lie. 1. Lie sir. 2. I sir. 1. S'wounds
 you rascall. 2. O, come, stab, if you haue a mind to it. 1. Stab?
 dost thou thinke I dare not? (*In his owne person*) Nay, I beseech
 you Gentlemen, what meanes this; nay looke, for shame re-
 spect your reputations.

3925 *Ouerturnes wine, pot, cups, and all.*

Enter Macilente.

Act.V.5

Mac. Why how now *Carlo*, what Humor's this?

Car. O my good Mischief, art thou come? where are the rest?
 where are the rest?

3930 *Mac.* Faith three of our Ordinance are burst.

Carl. Burst, how comes that?

Mac. Faith, ouer-charg'd, ouer-charg'd.

Carl. But did not the traine hold?

Mac. O yes, and the poore Lady is irrecoverably blowne vp.

3935 *Carl.* Why, but which of the Munition is miscarried? ha?

Mac. *Imprimis*, Sir *Puntarvolo*: next, the *Countenance*, and Re- 3725
solution.

Carl. How? how for the loue of God?

Mac. Troth the *Resolution* is proou'd Recreant; the *Counte-*
 3940 *nance* hath chang'd his Coppie; and the Passionate Knight, is
 shedding Funerall teares ouer his departed Dogge.

Carl. What's his Dogge dead?

Mac. Poison'd 'tis thought: marry how, or by whom, that's
 left for some Cunning woman heere o'the Banke-side to re-
 3945 solue: For my part, I know nothing, more than that we are like
 to haue an exceeding Melancholly Supper of it.

Carl. S'life, and I had purpos'd to be extraordinarily merry:
 I had drunke off a good Preparatiue of old Sacke heere: but
 will they come, will they come?

3950 *Mac.* They will assuredly come: mary *Carlo* (as thou lou'st
 me) runne ouer 'hem all freely to night, and especially the
 Knight; spare no *Sulphurious* yeast that may come out of that
 sweatie Forge of thine, but ply'hem with all manner of Shot,

Minion,

Minion, Saker, Culverine, or any thing what thou wilt.

3955 *Carl.* I warrant thee my deare Cale of *Petrione*, so stand I not 3744
in dread of thee, but that thou'lt second me.

Maci. Why my good *Germane* Tapster, I will.

Carl. What *George. Lomtero, Lomtero, &c.* *Daunceth.*

Georg. Did you call, Master *Carlo*?

3960 *Carl.* More *Nectar, George, Lomtero, &c.*

Geor. Your meat's ready sir, and your company were come.

Carl. Is the Loine of Porke enough?

Geor. I Sir, it is enough.

Maci. Porke? S,heart what doest thou with such a greasie
3965 Dish: I thinke thou dost Varnish thy face with the fat on't, it
lookes so like a Glew-pot.

Carl. True, my Raw-bon'd Rogue: and if thou would'st
farce thy leane Ribs with it too, they would not (like ragged
Lathes) rub out so many Dubletes as they do: but thou knowest
3970 not a good Dish, thou. O, it's the only nourishing meat in the
world: No maruaile though that saucie stubborne Generati-
on the *Iewes*, were forbidden it: for what would they ha'done,
well pamper'd with fat Porke, that durst murmur at their mar-
ker out of Garlicke and Onions. S'blood fed with it, the hor-
3975 son strummell. patch, Goggle-ey'd Grumbledories, would ha'
Gigantomachiz'd. Well said my sweet *George*, fill, fill.

G R E X.

Mit. { This sauours too much of Prophanation. 3765
3980 *Cor.* { *O seruetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi cõ-*
stet. The necessitie of his vaine compels a tolleration:
for, barre this, and dash him out of Humor before his
time.

Carl. 'Tis an *Axiome*. in Naturall Philosophie, *What comes nea-*
rest the nature of that it feeds, cõuertes quicker to nourishmēt, & doth
3985 *sooner essentiāte.* Now nothing in flesh and Entrailes, *assimulates*
or resembles Man more, then a Hog or Swine. (*Drinkes*)

Maci. True; and hee (to requite their courtesie) oftentimes
d'offeth off his owne nature, and puts on theirs; as when hee
becomes as churlish as a Hogge, or as a drunke ar a Sow: but to

P

your

3990 your conclusion.

(*Drinkes*)

Car. Mary I say, nothing resembling Man more than a Swine, 3776
it followes, nothing can be more nourishing: for indeed (but
that it abhorres from our nice Nature) if we fed one vpon ano-
ther, we should shoot vp a great deale faster, and thriue much
3995 better: I referre me to your Long-lane *Cannibales*, or such like:
but since 'tis so contrary, Porke, Porke is your only feed.

Maci. I take it your Deuill be of the same Diet; hee would
ne'rc ha' desir'e to beene incorporated into Swine else. O here
comes the Malancholly messe: vpon 'hem *Carlo* charge, charge
4000 *Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius, Sogliardo, Fungoso.*

Carl. 'Fore God sir *Puntarvolo*, I'am sorrie for your heauines.
Body a mee, a shrewd mischaunce: why had you no *Vnicornes*
hornes, nor *Bezars* stone about you? ha?

Punt. Sir, I would request you be silent.

Act.V.s

4005 *Maci.* Nay, to him againe.

Carl. Take comfort good knight, if your Cat ha'recouered
her Cataract, feare nothing; your Dogges mischance may bee
holpen.

Fast. Say how (sweete *Carlo*) for so God mend me, the poore 3796
4010 Knights moanes draw me into fellowship of his misfortunes.
But be not discouraged good sir *Puntarvolo*, I am content your
aduenture shall be perform'd vpon your Cat.

Maci. I beleeeue you Muske-cod, I beleeeue you, for rather
than thou would'st make present repaimēt, thou would'st take
4015 it vp on his owne bare returne from *Callice*.

Carl. Nay Gods life, hee ld bee content (so he were well rid
out of his company) to pay him fūe for one at his next mee-
ting him in *Paules*. but for your Dogge, sir *Puntar*, if hee be not
out-right dead, there is a friend of mine a *Quack-sauer*, shall
4020 put life in him againe, that's certaine.

Fung. O no, that comes too late.

Maci. Gods precious Knight, will you suffer this?

Punt. Drawer; get me a Candle and hard waxe presently:

Sog. I, and bring vp supper; for I am so Melancholy.

4025 *Carl.* Ah Signior, where's your *Resolution*.

Sog. Reso-

Sog. Resolution! hang him rascall: O *Carlo*, if you loue me, do not mention him.

Carl. Why, how so? how so?

3815

Sog. O the arrantst *Crocodile* that euer *Christiã* was acquainted with. By *Iesu*, I shall thinke the worse of *Tabacco* while I liue for his sake: I did thinke him to be as tall a man----

Maci. Nay *Buffone*, the Knight, the Knight.

Car. Sblood, he lookes like an Image carued out of Boxe, full of knots: his face is (for all the world) like a Dutch purse
4035 with the mouth downeward; his beard's the Tassels: and hee walkes (let me see) as melancholly as one o' the Masters side in the Counter. Do you heare sir *Puntar*?

Punt. Sir, I do entreat you no more., but enioyne you to silence, as you affect your peace.

4040 *Carl.* Nay but deare Knight vnderstand (here are none but friends, and such as wish you well) I would ha' you do this now: Fleay me your dog presently (but in any case keepe the head) and stuffe his skin well with straw, as ye see these dead monsters at *Bartholmew* faire.

4045 *Punt.* I shall be sodaine I tell you.

3831

Carl. Or if you like not that sir, giue mee somewhat a lesse dog and clap into the skin; here's a slaue about the towne here, a Iew, one *Yohan*, or a fellow that makes periwigs, will glew it on artificially, it shall ne'er bee discern'd: besides, twill be so
4050 much the warmer for the hound to trauell in you know.

Maci. Sir *Puntarvolo*, Sdeath can you be so patient?

Carl. Or thus sir, you may haue (as you come through Germany) a Familiar for litle ornothing shal turne it selfe into the shape of your Dogge, or any thing (what you will) for certaine
4055 howers: Gods my life Knight, what do you meane? youle offer no violenc, will you? Hold, hold.

Punt. Sbloud you slaue, you Bandog you.

Car. As you loue God, stay the enraged knight, Gentlemen.

Punt. By my knighthood, hee that stirres in his rescue, dies,
4060 Drawer be gone.

Carl. Murder, murder, murder.

P ij

Punt. I

Punt. I, are you houling you Wolfe? Gentlemen, as you 3848
tender your liues, suffer no man to enter, till my reuenge bee
perfect. Sirha *Buffone*, lie downe; make no exclamations, but
4065 downe; downe you Curre, or I will make thy blood flow on my
Rapier hilts:

Carl. Sweet knight hold in thy furie, and'fore God Ile ho-
nour thee more than the Turke dos *Mahomet*.

Punt. Downe (I say.) Whose there?

4070 *Const.* Here's the Constable, open the dores. *Within.*

Carl. Good *Macilente*.

Punt. Open no dore, if the *Adalantado* of Spaine were here:
he should not enter: On, helpe me with the light, Gentlemen,
you knocke in vaine sir officer.

4075 *Carl.* *Et tu Brute*.

Punt. Sirha close your lips, or I will drop it in thine eyes by
heauen.

Carl. O, O.

They seale vp his lips.

Const. Open the dore, or I will breake it open.

4080 *Mac.* Nay good Constable haue patience a little, you shall
come in presently, we haue almost done.

Punt. So; now, are you out of your humour sir. Shift Gentle-
men. *They all draw & Exeunt.*

Enter Constable with Officers, and stay Briske.

Act.V.S

4085 *Const.* Lady hold vpon this gallant, and pursue the rest.

Fast. Lay hold on me sir! for what? *(panions.*

Const. Mary for your riot here sir, with the rest of your com-

Fast. My riot! God's my iudge, take heed what you doe;

Carlo. did I offer any violence?

4090 *Const.* O sir, you see he is not in case to answere you, and that
makes you so peramptorie.

Fast. Peremptorie, Slife I appeale to the Drawers, if I did
him any hard measure. *Enter George.*

Gorg. They are all gone, there'snone of them will bee laid
4095 any hold on,

Const. Well sir, you are like to answere till the rest can bee
found out.

Fast. Sbloud

Fast. S'bloud I appeale to *George* here.

Const. Tut *George* was not here: away with him to the counter 3885
4100 sirs. Come sir, you were best get your selfe drest somewhere.

Exeunt.

Manent two Drawers.

Georg. Good Lord, that master *Carlo* could not take heed, & knowing what a Gentleman the Knight is, if he be angrie.

Drawer. A poxe on 'hem, they haue left all the meate on our
4105 hands, would they were choakt with it for me.

Enter Macilente.

Mac. What, are they gone sirs?

George. O here's master *Macilente*.

Mac. Sirrah *George*, do you see that concealment there? that
4110 Napkin vnder the table?

George. Gods so', Signior *Fungoso*!

Mac. Here's a good pawne for the reckoning; be sure you keep him here, & let him not go away til I come again, though he offer to discharge all; I'll returne presently.

4115 *George.* Sirrah we haue a pawne for the reckoning.

Draw. What? of *Macilente*?

3900

Georg. No; looke vnder the Table.

Fung. I hope all be quiet now; if I can get but forth of this street, I care not. Masters, I pray you tell me, is the Constable
4120 gone? *Lookes out vnder the Table.*

George. What? Master *Fungoso*?

Fung. Was't not a good deuise the same of me, Sirs?

George. Yes faith: ha' you beene here all this while?

Fung. O God I: good sirs looke and the coast be cleare, I'd
4125 faine be going.

George. All's cleare Sir, but the Reckoning; and that you must cleare and pay before you goe, I assure you.

Fung. I pay? S'light, I eate not a bit since I came into the house yet.

4130 *Draw.* Why, you may when you please sir, tis all readie below that was bespoken.

Fung. Bespoken, not by me I hope.

Geo. By you sir? I know not that: but t'was for you and your

companie, I am sure.

4135 *Fung.* My company? S'lid I was an inuited guest, so I was. 3917

Draw. Faith we haue nothing to doe with that Sir, they're all gone but you, and wee mus. be answer'd; that's the short and they long on't.

Fung. Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my Masters, then
4140 would this Pot, Cup, and all were in my belly, if I haue a crosse about me.

Georg. What, and haue such Apparell? Doe not say so, Signior, that mightily discredits your cloathes.

Fung. By Iesu the Taylor had all my money this morning,
4145 and yet I must be faine to alter my Sute too: good Sirs, let me goe, 'tis Friday night; and in good truth I haue no stomach in the world to eate any thing.

Draw. That's no matter so you pay Sir.

Fung. Pay? Gods light, with what conscience can you aske
4150 me to pay that I neuer dranke for?

Georg. Yes Sir, I did see you drinke once.

Fung. By this Cup (which is *siluer*) but you did not, you doe me infinite wrong, I look't in the pot once indeed, but I did not drinke.

4155 *Draw.* Well sir, if you can satisfie my Maister, it shall be all one to vs. By and by. *One calls George within.*

Exeunt.

G R E X.

Cord. Loose not your selfe now, Signior

4160 *Enter Macilente and Deliro.*

Act.V.S

Maci. Tut sir, you did beare too hard a conceit of me in that, but I will now make my loue to you most transparant, in spight of any dust of suspition, that may be raised to dimme it: and henceforth since. I see it is so against your Humor, I will neuer
4165 labour to persuaide you.

Deli. Why I thanke you Signior, but what's that you tell me may concerne my peace so much?

Mac. Faith sir, 'tis thus. Your wiues brother Signior *Fungoso* beeing at supper to night at a Tauerne with a sort of Gallants:
there

4170 there happened some diuision amongst'hem, and he is left in
pawne for the Reckoning: now if euer you look that time shall
present you with a happie occasion to doe your wife some gra-
cious & acceptable seruice, take hold of this opportunitie, and
presently go and redeeme him; for being her brother, and his
4175 credit so amply engaged as now it is, when she shall heare (as
he cannot himselfe, but hee must of extremitie report it) that
you came and offered your self so kindly, and with that respect
of his Reputation, S'lud the benefit cannot but make her dote,
and grow mad of your affections.

4180 *Deli.* Now by heauen *Macilente*, I acknowledge my selfe ex- 3958
ceedingly indebted to you, by this kind tender of your loue;
and I am sorry to remember that I was euer so rude to neglect
a friend of your worth, bring me shoes and a cloke there, I was
going to bed if you had not come, what *Tauerne* is it?

4185 *Mac.* The Mitre sir.

Deli. O; why *Fido*, my shoes. Good faith it cannot but please
her exceedingly.

Enter Fallace.

Fall. Come, I marl'e what peece of nightworke you haue in
hand now, that you call for your cloake and your shoes: what
4190 is this your *Pandor*?

Deli. O sweet wife speake lower, I would not he should heare
thee for a world--

Fall. Hang him rascall, I cannot abide him for his treacherie,
with his wild quicke-set beard there. Whither goe you now
4195 with him?

Deli. No whither with him deare wife, I go alone to a place, 3972
from whence I will returne instantly. Good *Macilente* acquaint
not her with it by any meanes, it may come so much the more
accepted, frame some other answeare, I'll come backe immedi-
4200 atly.

Exit Deliro.

Fall. Nay, and I be not worthie to know whither you go, stay
till I take knowledge of your comming backe.

Mac. Heare you Mistres *Deliro*.

Fall. So sir, and what say you?

4205 *Mac.* Faith Ladie, my intents will not deserue this slight re-
spect

spect, when you shall know 'hem. (sake?

Fall. Your intents? why, what may your intent be for Gods 3982

Mac. Troth the time allows no circumstance Lady, therefore know, this was but a deuise to remoue your husband hence, &
4210 bestow him securely, whil'st (with more conueniencie) I might report to you a misfortune that hath happened to Monsieur *Briske*; nay comfort sweet Lady. This night (being at supper) a sort of young Gallants committed a Riot, for the which he (only) is apprehended and carried to the *Counter*, where if your
4215 husband and other Creditors should but haue knowledge of him, the poore Gentleman were vndone for euer.

Fall. Ay me, that he were.

Maci. Now therefore, if you can thinke vpon any present meanes for his deliuerie, do not foreslow it: A bribe to the Of-
4220 ficer that committed him, will doe it.

Fall. O God sir, he shall not want for a bribe; pray you, will you commend me to him, and say I'll visite him presently.

Mac. No Lady, I shall do you better seruice in protracting your husbands returne, that you may goe with more safetie.

4225

Exit.

Fall. Good truth so you may; farewell good sir. Lord how a woman may be mistaken in a man? I would haue sworne vpon all the Testaments in the world he had not lou'd master *Briske*. Bring me my keyes there mayd: Alasse good Gentleman, if all
4230 I haue i' this earthly world will pleasure him, it shall be at his seruice.

Exit.

G R E X.

Mit. How *Macilente* sweats i' this businesse, if you mark him

Cord. I, you shall see the true picture of spight anon, here
4235 comes the Pawne and his Redeemer.

Enter Deliro, Fungoso, Drawer following them.

Act.V.S

Deli. Come brother, be not discourag'd for this man, what?

Draw. No truly, I am not discourag'd, but I protest to you, Brother, I haue done imitating anie more Gallants either in
4240 purse or apparell, but as shall become a Gentleman for good carriage or so.

Deli. You

Deli. You say well. This is all i'the bill here? is't not? 4015

Georg. I Sir.

Deli. There's your money, tell it: and Brother, I am glad I
4245 met with so good occasion to shew my loue to you.

Fung. I will studie to deserue it in good truth, and I liue.

Deli. What is't right?

Geor. I Sir, and I thanke you.

(is paid.

Fung. Let me haue a Capons legge sau'd, now the reckoning

4250 *Geor.* You shall Sir. *Exit.* *Enter Maci.*

Maci. Where's Signior *Deliro*?

Deli. Here *Macilente*.

Maci. Harke you sir, ha'you dispatcht this same?

Deli. I marry haue I.

4255 *Maci.* Well then, I can tell you news, *Briske* is i'the Counter.

Deli. I'the Counter?

Mac. 'Tis true Sir, committed for the stirre here to night. 4030

Now would I haue you send your brother home afore, with the
report of this your kindnesse done him to his sister, which will
4260 so pleasingly possesse her, and out of his mouth too, that i'the
meane time you may clap your Action on *Briske*, and your wife
(being in so happie a mood) cannot entertaine it ill by any
meanes.

Deli. 'Tis very true, she cannot indeed, I thinke.

4265 *Mac.* Thinke? why'ts past thought, you shall neuer meete
the like opportunitie, I assure you.

Deli. I will do it. Brother pray you go home afore, this Gent.
and I haue some priuate businesse; and tell my sweet wife, Ile
come presently.

4270 *Fung.* I will Brother.

Maci. And Signior, acquaint your sister, how liberally and
out of his bountie, your brother has vs'd you. (Doe you see?)
made you a man of good Reckoning; redeem'd that you ne-
uer were possest of, Credit; gaue you as Gentlemanlike terms
4275 as might be; found no fault with your comming behind the fa-
shion; nor nothing.

Fung. Nay I am out of those Humors now.

Q

Mac. Well,

[LINGE'S QUARTO]

Maci. Well, if you be out, keepe your distance, and bee not made a Shot-clog no more. Come Sig. let's make hast. *Exeunt.*

4280

Enter Briske and Fallace.

Act.V.s

Fall. O maister *Fastidius*, what pittie is't to see so sweet a man as you are in so soure a place? *and kisse him.*

G R E X.

Cord. { As vpon her lips do's shee meane?

4285

Mit. { O, this is to be imagin'd the *Counter* belike?

Fast. Troth faire Lady, 'tis first the pleasure of the Fates, and next of the Constable to haue it so, but, I am pacient, & indeed comforted the more in your kind visitation.

Fall. Nay, you shall be comforted in me more than this, if
4290 you please Sir. I sent you word by my brother Sir, that my husband laid to rest you this morning, I know not whether you receiu'd it, or no?

Fast. No beleeeue it, sweet Creature, your Brother gaue mee no such *intelligence*.

4295

Fall. O the Lord!

Fast. But has your husband any such purpose?

Fall. O God Maister *Briske*, yes: and therefore be presently discharg'd; for if he come with his Actions vpon you (Lord deliuer you) you are in for one halfe a score yeare; he kept a poore
4300 man in Ludgate once, twelue year for *sixteene shillings*. Where's your keeper, for Gods loue call him, let him take a bribe, and dispatch you, Lord how my heart trembles! here are no spies? are there?

Fast. No sweete mistresse, why are you in this passion.

4305

Fall. O Christ Maister *Fastidius*, if you knew how I tooke vp 4075

my husband to day, when he said he would arrest you; and how I rail'd at him that persuaded him to't, the scholer there, (who on my conscience loues you now) & what care I tooke to send you *intelligence* by my brother; and how I gaue him foure So-
4310 ueraignes for his paines; and now, how I came running out hether without man or boy with mee, so soone as I heard on't; you'd say, I were in a passion indeed: your keeper for Gods sake. O master *Brisk* (as 'tis in *Euphues*) *Hard is the choise, whē on is*

compelled

compelled either by silence to die with grief, or by speaking to liue with
 4314^{bis} *shame.*

4315 *Fast.* Faire Ladie I conceiue you, and may this kisse assure
 you, that where Aduersitie hath (as it were) contracted, Pros-
 peritie shall not—Gods light your Husband.

Fall. O mee!

Enter Deliro. Macilente.

Act.V.Sc.II

4320 *Deli.* It is't thus!

Maci Why how now Signior *Deliro*? has the Wolfe seene
 you? ha? hath *Gorgons* head made marble on you?

* *Deli.* Some planet strike me dead.

Maci. Why looke you Sir, I told you, you might haue sus-
 4325 pected this long afore, had you pleas'd; and ha'sau'd this labour
 of Admiration now, and Passion; and such extremities as this
 fraile lump of flesh is subiect vnto. Nay, why do you not dote
 now Signior? Mee thinkes you should say it were some En-
 chauntment, *Deceptio visus*, or so, ha? if you could persuade your
 4330 selfe it were a dreame now, twere excellent: faith trie what
 you can doe Signior; it may bee your Imagination will bee
 brought to it in time, there's nothing impossible.

Fall. Sweet Husband?

Deli. Out lasciuious Strumpet.

Exit Deliro.

4335 *Maci.* What? did you see how ill that stale vain became him 4105
 afore, of Sweete Wife, and Deare heart? and are you false
 iust into the same now? with Sweete Husband. A way, follow
 him, goe, keepe state: what? Remember you are a woman: turn
 impudent: gi' him not the head, though you gi' him the hornes,
 4340 Away.

Exit Fallace.

And yet me thinks you should take your leaue of *Infans-perdus*
 here, your forlorne hope. How now Mounsieur *Brisk*: what? Fri-
 day at night? & in affectiō too? & yet your *Pulpamenta*? your de-
 licate morsels: I perceiue the affection of Ladies and Gentle-
 4345 women, pursues you wheresoeuer you go Mounsieur.

4346^{deeest} } *Fast.* Now in good faith (and as I am Gentle) there could not
 haue come a thing i' this world to haue distracted mee more
 than the wrinckled fortunes of this poore Dame.

4350 *Maci.* O yes Sir: I can tell you a thing will distract you 4117
much better, beleeeue it. Signior *Deliro* has entred three Actions
against you, three Actions Mounsieur: marry one of them (Ile
put you in comfort) is but three thousand mark, and the other
two some fūe thousand pound together, trifles, trifles.

4355 *Fast.* O God, I am vndone.

Maci. Nay not altogether so Sir, the Knight must haue his
hundred pound repai'd, that 'll helpe too, and then sixscore
pound for a Diamond: you know where? these be things will
weigh Mounsieur; they will weigh.

4360 *Fast.* O Iesu!

Maci. What doe you sigh? this it is to kisse the hand of a
Countesse, to haue hir Coach sent for you, to hang Poniards in
Ladies garters, to weare Bracelets of their haire, and for euery
one of these great fauours to giue some slight Iewell of fūe
4365 hundred crownes, or so, why'tis nothing. Now Mounsieur, you
see the plague that treads o' the heeles of your fopperie, well,
goe your waies in; Remoue your selfe to the two-penny ward
quickly to saue charges, and there set vp your rest to spend Sir
Puntars hundred pound for him. Away good *Pomardo*, goe.

4370

Exit Briske.

Why here's a change: Now is my soule at peace,

4135

I am as empty of all Enuie now,

As they merrit to be enuied at,

My Humor (like a flame) no longer lasts

4138

4375 Than it hath stuffe to feed it, and their vertue,

Being now rak't vp in embers of their Folly,

Affordsno ampler Subiect to my Spirit;

I am so farre from malicing their states,

4142

That I begin to pittie them: it greeues me

4380 To thinke they haue a *being*; I could wish

They might turne wise vpon it, and be sau'd now,

So Heauen were pleas'd: but let them vanish Vapors.

4146

And now with *Aspers* tongue (though not his shape)

Kind *Patrons* of our sports (You that can iudge,

4385 And with discerning thoughts measure the space

Of

Of our straunge Muse in this her *Maze* of Humor.
 You, whose true Notions doe confine the formes
 And nature of sweet *Poesie* to you
 I tender solemne and most dureous thanks,
 4390 For your stretcht patience and attentive grace.
 We know (and we are pleas'd to know so much)
 The Cates that you haue tasted were not season'd
 For euery vulgar Pallat, but prepar'd
 To banquet pure and apprehensiu eares:
 4395 Let then their Voices speake for our desert;
 Be their *Applause* the Trumpet to proclaime
 Defiance to rebelling Ignorance,
 And the greene spirits of some tainted Few,
 That (spight of pittie) betray themselues
 4400 To Scorne ond Laughter; and like guiltie Children,
 Publish their *infancie* before their time,
 By their owne fond exception: Such as these
 We pawne 'hem to your *censure*, tell Time, Wit,
 Or Obseruation, set some stronger seale
 4405 Of *iudgement* on their iudgements; and entreat
 The happier spirits in this faire-fild Globe,
 (So many as haue sweet minds in their breasts,
 And are too wise to thinke themselves are taxt
 In any generall Figure, or to vertuous
 4410 To need that wisdomes imputation:)
 That with their bounteous *Hands* they would confirme
 This, as their pleasures *Pattent*: which so sign'd,
 Our leaue nnd spent Endeouours shall renue
 Their Beauties with the *Spring* to smile on you.

IT had another *Catastrophe* or Conclusion, at the first Playing: which (DIA TO TEN BASILISSAN PROSOPOPOESTHAI) many seem'd not to relish it; and therefore 'twas since altered: yet that a right-eyd and solide Reader may perceiue it was not so
 4420 great a part of the Heauen awry, as they would make it; we request him but to looke downe vpon these following Reasons.

4422 {
 deest }

1 *There hath bene President of the like Presentation in diuers Playes: and is yeerely in our Citie Pageants or shewes of Triumph.*

4425

2 *It is to be conceiu'd, that Macilente being so strongly possest with Enuie, (as the Poet here makes him) it must be no sleight or common Object, that should effect so sodaine and strange a cure vpon him, as the putting him cleane out of his Humour.*

4430 {
 deest }

3 *If his Imagination had discourst the whole world ouer for an Object, it could not haue met with a more Proper, Eminent, or worthy Figure, than that of her Maiesties: which his Election (though boldly, yet respectiuely) vs'd to a Morall and Mysterious end.*

4435

4 *His greedinesse to catch at any occasion, that might expresse his affection to his Soueraigne, may worthily plead for him.*

4438 {
 deest }

5 *There was nothing (in his examin'd opinion) that could more neare or truly exemplifie the power and strength of her inualluable Vertues, then the working of so perfect a Miracle on so oppos'd a Spirit, who not only persisted in his Humor, but was now come to the Court, with a purpos'd resolution (his Soule as it were now drest in Enuie) to maligne at any thing that should front him: when sodainly (against expectation, and all steele of his Malice) the very wonder of her Presence strikes him to the earth dumbe, and astonisht. From whence rising and recouering heart, his Passion thus utters it selfe.*

4445

4449 {
 deest }

4450 *Maci. Blesse, Diuine, Vnblemisht. Sacred, Pure, Glorious immortall, and indeed Immense; O that I had a world of Attributes,*

To

- To lend or adde to this high *Maiestie*:
 Neuer till now did *Obiect* greet mine eyes 4169
- 4455 With any light Content: but in her *Graces*
 All my malicious Powers haue lost their stings:
Enuie is fled my Soule at sight of her,
 And shee hath chac'd all blacke thoughts from my bosome,
 Like as the *Sunne* doth darknesse from the world.
- 4460 My streame of *Humor* is run out of me:
 And our Citties *Torrent* (bent t'infect
 The hallow'd bowels of the siluer *Thames*)
 Is checkt by strength and clearenesse of the Riuers,
 Till it hath spent it selfe e'ene at the shore?
- 4465 So in the ample and vnmeasur'd Flood 4180
 Of her *Perfections*, are my *Passions* drown'd:
 And I haue now a *spirit* as sweet and cleere,
 As the most rarefi'd and subtill Aire;
 With which, and with a heart as pure as Fire,
- 4470 (Yet humble as the Earth) doe I implore, *He kneeles.*
 O *Heauen*: that Shee (whose *Figure* hath effected
 This change in me) may neuer suffer Change
 In her Admir'd and happie *Gouernment*:
 May still this *Iland* be call'd *Fortunate*,
- 4475 And Rugged *Treason* tremble at the sound 4190
 When *Fame* shall speake it with an *Emphasis*.
 Let forraine *Pollicie* be dull as Lead,
 And pale *Inuasion* come with halfe a heart
 When he but lookes vpon her blessed Soile:
- 4480 The Throat of *Warre* be stopt within her Land,
 And Turtle-footed *Peace* daunce fairie Rings
 About her Court; where neuer may there come
Suspect or *Daunger*, but all *Trust* and *Safetie*:
 Let *Flatterie* be dumbe, and *Enuie* blind
- 4485 In her dread Presence: *Death* himselfe admire her:
 And may her *Vertues* make him to forget
 The vse of his ineuitable hand.
 Fly from her *Age*; Sleepe *Time* before her Throne,

Our

Our strongest wall fals downe when she is gone.

4204

4490 *Here the Trumpets sound a flourish, in which time Macilente
conuerts himselfe to them that supply the place of*

4491^{bis} *GREX, and speakes.*

G R E X.

Mac. How now sirs? how like you it? has't not bene tedious? 4147

Cor. Nay, we ha' done censuring now.

4495 *Mit.* Yes faith.

4150

Mac. How so?

Cor. Mary because we'le imitate your Actors, and be out
of our Humors. Besides, here are those (round about you) of
more abilitie in Censure then we, whose iudgements can giue
4500 it a more satisfying Allowance: wee'le referre you to them.

Mac. I? is't e'en so? Well, Gentlemen, I should haue gone
in, and return'd to you as I was *Asper* at the first: but (by reason
the shift would haue bene somewhat long, and we are loth to
draw your patience any farder) wee'le intreat you to imagine
4505 it. And now (that you may see I will be out of Humor for
company) I stand wholly to your kind Approbation, and (in-
deed) am nothing so peremptorie as I was in the beginning:
Marie I will not do as *Plautus* in his *Amphitryo* for all this (*Sum-
mi Iouis causa, Plaudite:*) begge a *Plaudite* for Gods sake; but if
4510 you (out of the bountie of your good liking) will bestow it;
why, you may (in time) make leane *Macilente* as fat as *Sir Iohn*
4511^{bis} *Fall-staffe.*

Exeunt.

Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor



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